



LIFE

THE STORY OF CHRIST

23 PAGES OF GIOTTO'S PAINTINGS

DECEMBER 27, 1948

20

CENTS

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Something to shoot for!

What an aim behind these arrows—they've snared not only Cannon's new bow-knot towel, but a brand-new color too! It's "Bittersweet"—spicy as a winter berry, yet whisper-soft—and the smartest prize you could bring home from a towel hunt! Just one of Cannon's fashion-makers in soft, thirsty terry. Cannon towels come at tempting prices—from about 39c to \$2.95.

Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St.,
New York 13, N. Y.

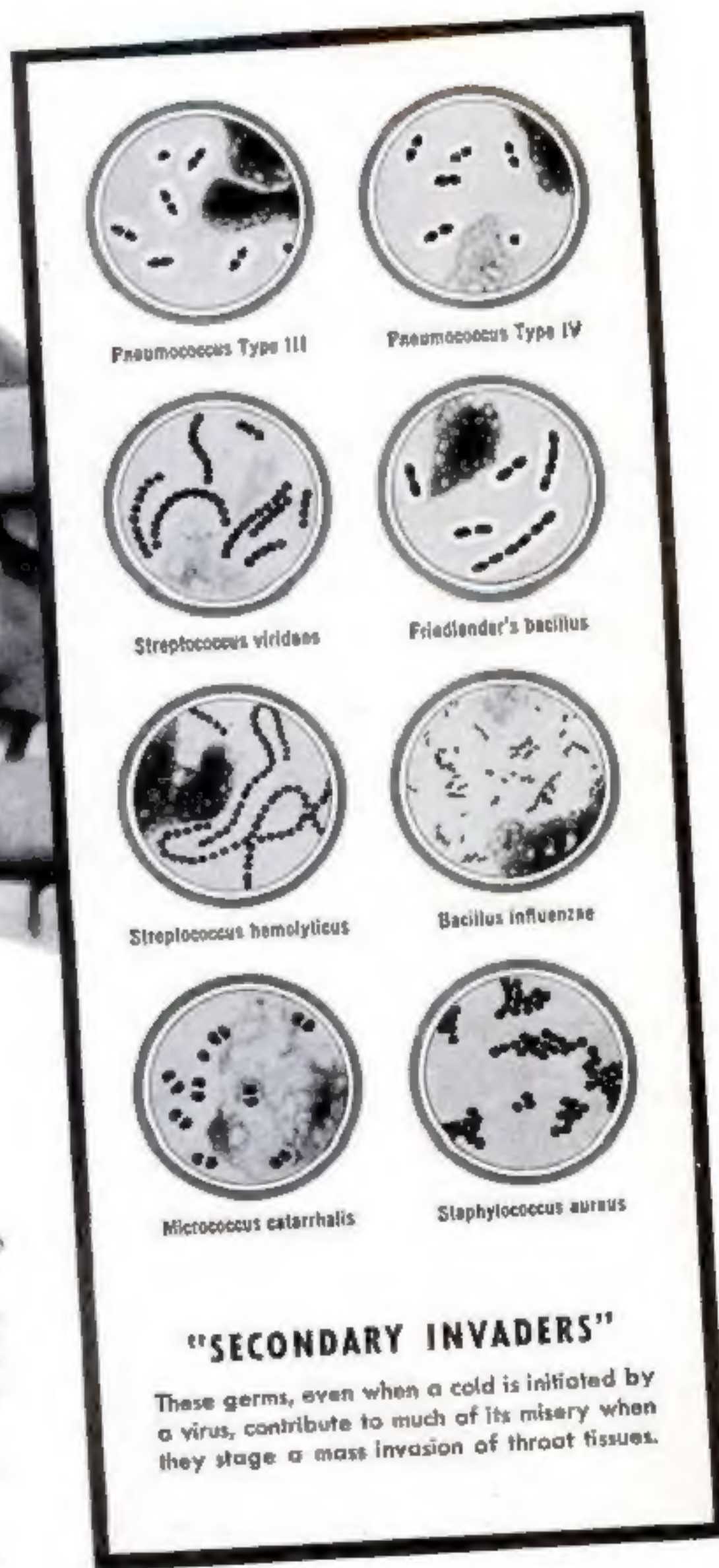




Catching Cold?

**Get after these germs
that cause so much
of its misery!**

Gargle



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!

**Germs Reduced as Much as 96.7% Even
Fifteen Minutes after Gargle—tests showed**

If you can get the jump on the cold in the early stages . . . attack germs on throat surfaces before they invade the body . . . you can often "nip" a cold in the bud or lessen its severity.

That's why you ought to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at the very first hint of a snuffle, sneeze, or a tightened throat.

* Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of germs, including the

"secondary invaders." Just think, clinical tests showed that after this gargle germs were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after, and up to 80% one hour after.

In short, Listerine Antiseptic, with quick germ-killing action, is a wonderful aid.

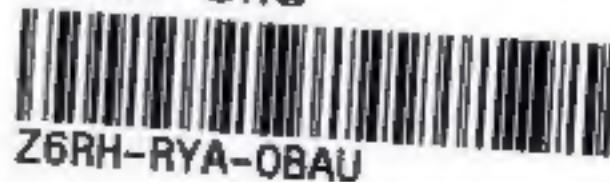
Remember also that in tests over a 12-year period, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, than non-users; also that sore throats due to colds were fewer.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

P.S. IT'S NEW!

Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

This One



26RH-RYA-OBAU

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

2 PACKS WITH A SINGLE AIM...



Your smoking pleasure

15¢

BRIGGS—aged and mellowed in oaken casks... a blissful smoke... soft and gentle.



25¢

INDIA HOUSE—rich savor taken from an old "recipe"... aut-sweet flavor... full-bodied aroma.

THESE PRODUCTS OF F. LORILLARD COMPANY ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA



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ZIPPO flints!
Especially made to the specifications of the makers of famous Zippo windproof lighter. Sure-sparking. Long-lasting. Fit most lighters. 4 for 10¢.

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Another great Zippo product! Quick-lighting. Burns with clean, clear flame. Works in any lighter. Now available in cans with convenient pouring nozzle. 25¢.

Give a friend a grand gift with this new 3-in-1 kit!



WHAT A CONVENIENCE!
A year's supply of flints (for the average smoker), and a can of Zippo fuel, for only 50¢ extra with any Zippo lighter. Ask your nearest dealer.

Zippo Manufacturing Company, Bradford, Pa.

SCRUMPTIOUS MALES

Sirs:

I think Montgomery Clift is the most handsome, scrumptious, gorgeous hunk of male in Hollywood.

I am an artist. I can draw heads pretty well. I've drawn pictures of several movie actors and when I saw that great big picture of Monty Clift on your cover (LIFE, Dec. 6) I couldn't resist it.

I swear, I will go nuts before my picture is completed. Now I don't mean that as an insult to Monty. It's just that his lower lip sort of droops a little. I made it sag. The shape of his eyelids is practically round. And his eyes are—well, expressionless, but they still have expression in them. The shape of his face is a little odd, too....

JUDY NEWMAN

Philadelphia, Pa.



CLIFT

LANCASTER



BRADY

HEFLIN

Sirs:

Just where is Burt Lancaster? He will be on top when three fourths of those baby-faced new stars are out on their ears. He has the kind of face that Michelangelo would want to reproduce in marble....

Mrs. G. R. PRICE

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

In my opinion you left out one of the best-looking, best-acting and generally most-promising of young movie stars—Scott Brady.

JOANIE KAUFMAN

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

... What ever gave you the impression that you could leave out Van Heflin and get away with it?

MARTHA BURGESS

Shreveport, La.

Sirs:

... I am still drooling.

SHIRLEY GICKERMAN

New York, N.Y.

CHICAGO RACKETS

SIRS:

OBJECT STRENUOUSLY TO MISINFORMED "LIFE" SMEAR ON CICERO AND ITS OFFICIALS ("THE CHICAGO RACKETS," LIFE, NOV. 29). HAS "LIFE" JOINED WITH SENSATION-SEEKING CHICAGO NEWSPAPERS IN PRINTING ANYTHING TO ATTRACT READERS? THE "NEWS," CICERO'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER, LED THE FIGHT, A CRUSADE FOR DECENCY, TO DEPOSE POLICE CHIEF HOREJS, UNDER WHOM VICE AND CORRUPTION FLOURISHED DUE EITHER TO HIS UNWILLINGNESS OR INABILITY TO DO JOE. IN CONTRAST TO "LIFE," WE SUPPORTED OUR CASE AGAINST HIM WITH FACTS, DEIFYING STOFFEL-HOREJS SUPPORTERS TO REFUTE THEM. THEY COULD NOT. WE OFFERED, BOTH IN PRINT AND AT A PUBLIC TOWN BOARD MEETING, TO TAKE ANY INVESTIGATORS TO WIDE-OPEN HANDBOOKS

AND DENS OF INFAMY. THE SO-CALLED REFORMERS WERE AFRAID TO ACCEPT OFFER. WITH HOREJS' OUSTER AND STOFFEL'S RESIGNATION GAMBLING AND VICE DIED IN CICERO. OLD HAUNTS ARE CLOSED AND WE'RE KEEPING THEM SHUT DESPITE SUCH TWISTED STORIES. "LIFE" COULD HELP RATHER THAN ADD TO CONFUSION AND MISINFORMATION. WILL YOU CHECK BEHIND SCENES FOR FACTS ON STOFFEL-HOREJS POLITICAL MANEUVERS.

CARLE F. RUTHRUFF
PUBLISHER

CICERO "NEWS"
CICERO, ILL.

● A thorough recheck by LIFE does not support the reasons Publisher Ruthruff gives for the ousting of Police Chief Horejs. During his brief term in office Horejs forced the closing of a number of bookie joints, confiscated slot machines and obtained convictions of bookies and of barkeepers who violated tavern ordinances. The check also revealed that 13 weeks after the ousting of Horejs, a Chicago Daily News reporter found some 22 bookies operating in Cicero. In addition, Chicago Crime Commissioner Virgil Peterson told LIFE's correspondent last week, "While Horejs was chief of police, Cicero was 'down' [Chicagoese for cleaned up] as it has not been in a long time."—ED.

Sirs:

Your article on syndicate gambling in Cicero was quite accurate and merely reflects the true conditions caused in this town by a small group of politicians who are flouting the will of the citizens. This type of unfavorable publicity is regrettable in one sense, as it damages the town's reputation, but in another sense it does good to throw the spotlight on these conditions.

Do not be misled by the rantings of the publisher of the so-called Cicero News in a telegram sent to you. The Cicero News does not represent the views of the majority of Cicero residents. It is mainly an administration puff sheet that is deposited on front porches in the manner of a handbill....

ROBERT DUNLOP

Cicero, Ill.

Sirs:

Your article on Chicago gangsters has restored my interest in LIFE. Your coverage of the 1948 presidential campaign rather made me lose it. Keep up the good work, and liberals America over will again look to you for intellectual guidance.

HENRY STONER

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

I admire your marvelous courage in doing "The Chicago Rackets" but aren't you risking a kick in the teeth or a slug in the belly?

You spoiled a beautiful illusion with this writer by digging up the ghosts of Capone. I thought they had all turned to tiddlywinks.

But as long as they have evidently tucked away their heaters, are making their graft payments happily and are keeping Chicagoans and suburbanites biologically, economically and psychologically merry, why not let sleeping dogs keep their bones buried?

MAL HIGGINS

Cottage Grove, Ore.

Sirs:

As a native Chicagoan who thought he knew just about all that went on in his city, I must admit that parts of LIFE's photographic essay really opened my eyes. ... The whole sordid story proves sim-

ply that such a situation could not exist without the tacit approval of Chicago's "honest" citizenry....

ALLEN VAN CRANESBROCK JR.

Evanston, Ill.

"MARY CELESTE" MYSTERY

Sirs:

Dod Osborne's article ("The Phantom Islands," LIFE, Dec. 6), while more tenable than some of the fanciful tales endeavoring to explain the mystery of the *Mary Celeste*, is, however, based on rather extended presumptions. The best explanation, I think, is that of another seaman, which argues that a spontaneous explosion, caused by the collection of alcoholic fumes in the tightly secured hold, impelled Captain Briggs to abandon ship for the safety of all hands. He therefore lowered the one boat (the *Mary Celeste* sailed without its launch) with the crew, himself and his family aboard and, by means of a painter secured to one of the yards, trailed astern of his ship waiting for the danger to pass. But the painter parted, or was loosened somehow, and he and his people were cast adrift, unable to overtake the ship, which, under full sail, presently hove out of sight....

MILTON STARK

Santa Monica, Calif.

● Dod Osborne, in commenting on Reader Stark's letter, has this to say:

"This explanation of the *Mary Celeste* mystery seems very improbable. In the first place, had a rope been attached to the yards a trace of it would have remained. Second, an explosion among the casks of alcohol would have left evidence behind which would have been visible to persons checking the *Mary Celeste* after she was found."—ED.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Subscriptions received by LIFE not later than January 15th will begin with the first issue containing the

War Memoirs of Winston Churchill



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You must use totally **NEW** methods this year to make the tremendous **NEW** savings now possible under the **NEW** TAX LAW! For example:

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2. **DO YOU KNOW** how you can qualify to file a split-income return with your wife—and whether it is financially advisable in your case?
3. **DO YOU KNOW** that the short form W-2 may **NO LONGER BE USED** as a tax return? Every wage earner is responsible for filing a new **LONG** form.

IF YOU ARE SINGLE and Earn \$20 a week or more
MARRIED and Earn \$30 a week or more

The radical changes in the **NEW TAX LAW** offer you tremendous savings—**IF** you know how to file your return properly!

YOUR INCOME TAX

HOW TO KEEP IT DOWN!

By **KNOWING** each and every deduction to which you are **NOW** justly entitled—many of which your tax blank does not tell you about.

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IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, you can make your greatest savings in the history of the federal income tax! The government's completely new tax law makes this possible.

HOWEVER, you must learn—without delay—how this radically different tax law affects YOU if you want to make the most of this big opportunity. You need clear, expert instructions... specific, line-by-line help... to save every dollar **NOW** PERMITTED under the new law!

New Rates! New Rules! New Exemptions! New Deductions!

That's why J. K. Lasser has revised and enlarged his famous tax guide, "Your Income Tax," to bring you the very latest information on **how to split income** with husband or wife... **how to claim new, increased deductions and exemptions**... **how to prepare your return quickly, correctly, and economically!** Experts say you should take your savings **while you can**... they are practically certain that tax rates will have to be **INCREASED** during 1949!

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The new, just-off-the-press edition of "Your Income Tax" is **CRAMMED** with last-minute, **GOVERNMENT-APPROVED** ways to keep your taxes down. For example, it tells you: "Am I entitled to a refund?"... "How can I get it **BEFORE** next March 15th?"... "If I file a joint return, will my wife have **legal claim** to half our income?"... "May I file jointly even if I filed a separate declaration in 1948?"... "What must I do to **QUALIFY** for the enormous benefits of splitting income?"

GUARANTEED TO SAVE YOU TIME AND TAXES — or your money back!

This year—especially, with living costs at an all-time high—you cannot **AFFORD** to overlook an assurance like this: The publishers of this guide are so certain it will save you time, help you keep your tax down and avoid later assessments, that they offer it on this **Double Guarantee**: (1) When you receive "Your Income Tax," look it through. If you do not agree that it will be of money-saving, time-cutting help—return it; the publishers will refund its full price. **OR** (2) After making out your actual return (**AS EVERY WAGE-EARNER MUST NOW DO!**) if you then do not agree that this book has saved you time and money, you may return it for a full refund at any time up to **March 15, 1949**.

SEND NO MONEY Simply Mail Coupon Now!

Take full, proper advantage of generous new tax laws by getting this book **WITHOUT DELAY!** Mail coupon **without money** (unless you prefer to remit now and save postage costs). "Your Income Tax" will be rushed to you immediately. And, if any major changes are made in the 1948 tax laws prior to March 15, 1949, an explanatory bulletin will be sent to you **without charge**. Mail coupon **NOW** to Simon and Schuster, Inc., Tax Dept. 40, 1230 Sixth Ave., New York 20.

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13TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION
Over 9,000,000 copies of this authoritative book have been sold. No other publication of its kind has helped so many users.

NEW 1949 EDITION

Just a FEW of the Ways in Which This Book SAVES YOU MONEY:

HUNDREDS OF APPROVED WAYS to reduce your taxes legally under the **NEW** Law.

912 LAWFUL DEDUCTIONS that salaried persons may now take—many of them **brand new!**

538 ITEMS OF INCOME you can exclude when you figure your tax—and **HOW** to exclude them!

HOW TO AVOID 26 COMMON ERRORS in preparing tax returns which annually cost taxpayers **MILLIONS OF DOLLARS** in overpayments which the Government does **not** want!

SPECIAL SECTIONS: For Farmers; on State taxes you can deduct; Members and ex-members of Armed Forces; Stock market transactions; Aliens, etc.

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FREE SUPPLEMENTARY REPORTS

If any major changes are made in the 1948 tax law between now and March 15, 1949, an explanatory bulletin will be rushed to you **without charge**.



Also Recommended to Help Make Your Money Go Farther...

HOW TO LIVE WITHIN YOUR INCOME

By J. K. LASSER and SYLVIA F. PORTER

THIS is NOT a "budget book"—it's a complete financial program to help you run your money successfully, **rather than letting your money run you!** In clear, simple terms, Mr. Lasser and Miss Porter chart a sure and certain course for you in these days of high living costs. Whether you make \$35 a week or \$15,000 a year, you are shown how to stretch the buying power of your income as much as 10% to 20%—and all without any "straight-jacket" budgeting. Just published and already a national best-seller—only \$1.00 per copy! Simply check special box in coupon.

Many business executives, consumer groups and personnel managers are buying copies of this book to give to each of their employees—as an aid to better employee relations in these days of high living costs.

NOTE TO TAX COUNSELLORS:

Many tax counsellors, lawyers, and accountants are ordering copies of "Your Income Tax" for each member of their staff. (Pages 11 and 12, for example, tell at a glance, the tax liability of each tax bracket up to \$400,000).

On the
night
table

throat soothing



On the card table
tasty



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Telescopes, and the Rambler Field Glass

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

ZERO MOSTEL

Sirs:

Life certainly looks much brighter since you published that article about my television show (*LIFE*, Nov. 22). My circulation has improved, offers for employment have been pouring in and I have been invited to join several exclusive clubs on a temporary basis. More people are asking me to lend them money in larger amounts than heretofore; more friends treat me with greater respect.

All this means nothing to me. You said I was "slack-jawed." This may be true, but nobody has ever mentioned it. I was going to have my lawyer sue you, but right now he is too busy suing me.

ZERO MOSTEL

New York, N. Y.

NEGRO CAPTAIN

Sirs:

In the editorial on Levi Jackson's election as captain of the Yale football team (*LIFE*, Dec. 6) your criticism of Paul Robeson was too mild. Being in his racial group I feel the urge to write that words fail to express adequately the depth of my disgust for one who has apparently lost all power of reasoning. Not so much because of his association with Wallace but rather because of his avowed inclination toward a system which, in my opinion, has absolutely nothing whatever to offer the race.

Unfortunately there are some young and inexperienced folk who are being fooled into the belief there is.

HARRY A. WILLIAMSON

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Your failure to understand the position of Paul Robeson and many other Americans is typical of the confusion that has resulted in groundless and dangerous accusations. Mr. Robeson is more truly All-American today than he was a generation ago because he has now thrown his tremendous abilities into an uncompromising battle against the cancer of American race prejudice.

One can readily see that any blow to un-Americanism strengthens the American position in world affairs. But the thought that Levi Jackson's recent honor makes Paul Robeson—past or present—"look foolish" is itself foolish indeed.

HORACE G. DAWSON JR.

Lincoln University, Pa.

Sirs:

Mr. Jackson is a deserving young man, and I wish him good luck in all things except next year's Harvard-Yale game.

While you are boasting of the Elis' first exhibition of democracy, if you will assign your best Yale man to the record books, he will find that Harvard had a Negro captain years ago. Instead of jumping tardily upon a bandwagon Harvard had given the left-wingers a kick in the pants before they got started.

JACK R. BENTLEY

Cambridge, Mass.



WILLIAM H. LEWIS

● William H. Lewis, now a prosperous Boston lawyer, captained Harvard's team for one game against Pennsylvania in 1893. Harvard won 26-4.—ED.

SHORT HAIR

Sirs:

Did Georgia O'Keeffe originate the short bob? I was under the impression that women did not bob their hair until after World War I and that Irene Castle was responsible for women's reaching for the shears. Was that portrait (*LIFE*, Dec. 6) really painted in 1908?

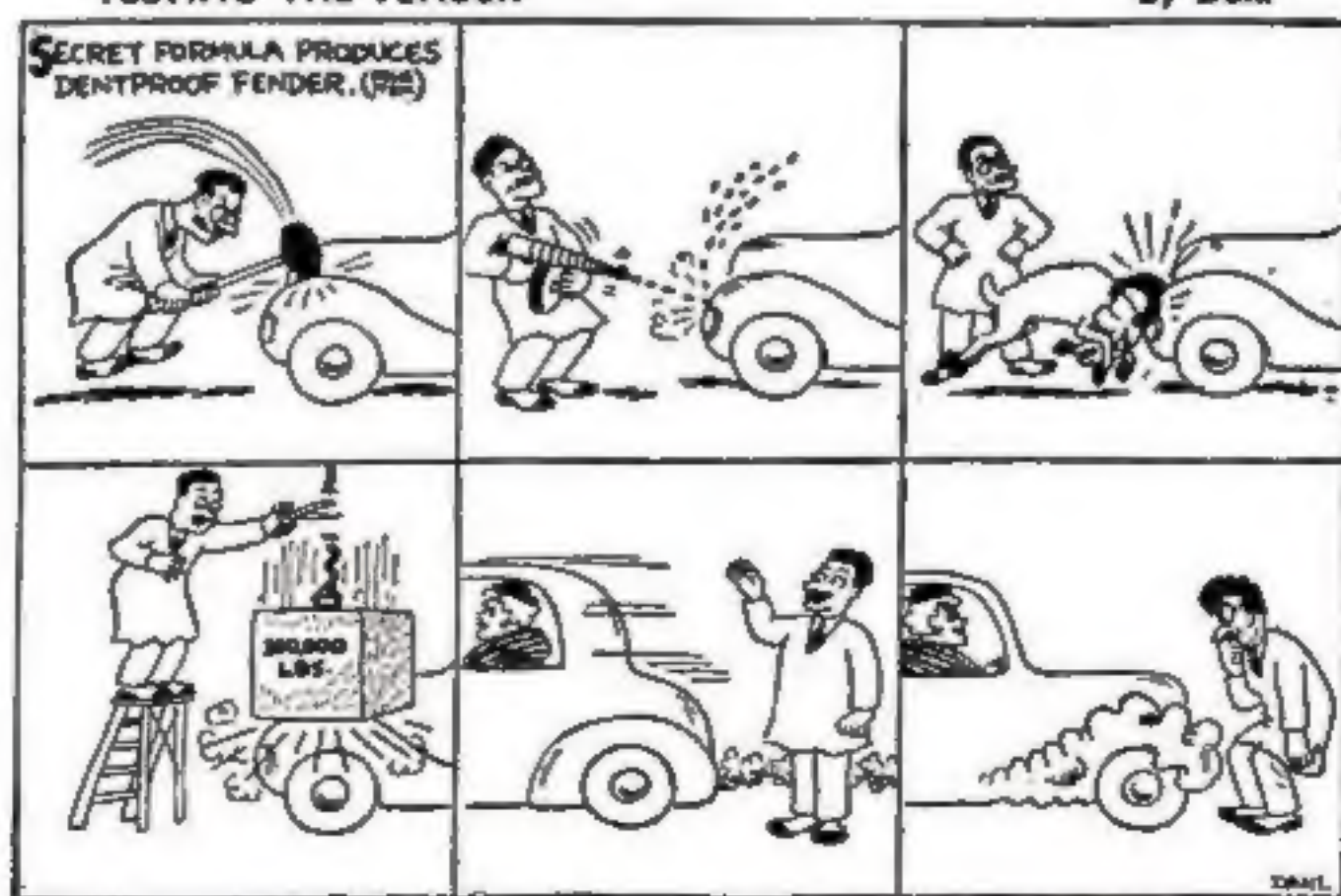
H. T. LOCKHART

Paris, Texas

● It was Miss O'Keeffe wore her hair short as early as 1908. Irene Castle cut hers in 1913. Other women did not affect boyish bobs until the mid-20s.—ED.

TESTING THE FENDER

By Dahl



Sirs:

Your article "Dentproof Fender" (*LIFE*, Dec. 6) undoubtedly inspired

Dahl's cartoon in the *Boston Herald*.

ALLEN BARTLETT

Cambridge, Mass.

PAIN

of headache, neuritis
and neuralgia

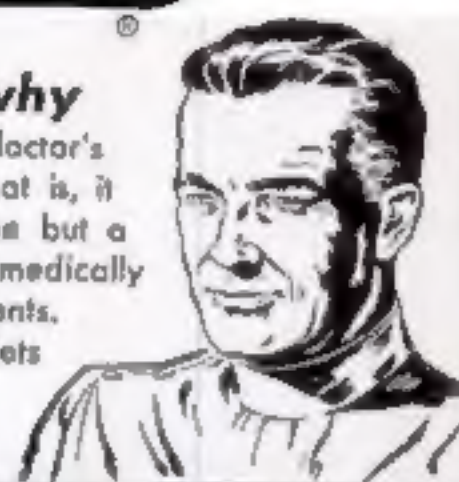
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the way thousands of physicians
and dentists recommend—

ANACIN

Here's why

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients. Get Anacin Tablets today.



Remember!
IT TAKES 4 PINTS
OF CREAM TO MAKE
ONE POUND OF
BUTTER

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
Chicago 6, Illinois

DUMB WAITER?

Jimmy and his family were vacationing, and at breakfast in the hotel, Jimmy was served a dish of hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal.

"Now," said the waiter with a twinkle, "eat up all your cereal and I'll be around with something you'll really like."

"Not a very smart waiter," said Jimmy's father when the man had gone.

"Heck, no," said Jimmy. "He must be dumb. Doesn't he KNOW that everybody loves hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal?"

(ADVT.)

Get Relief
QUICKER
From Your Cough
Due to a Cold
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar
Cough Compound

See all the excitement
of the world of 1949
in 52 big, picture-filled

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BLISTEX A famous
pharmacist's
formula
Immediate Relief for
COLD SORES and fever blisters



EXCELLENT FOR CHAPPED LIPS

**AN
ACHIEVEMENT
IN
THE
ANNALS
OF
SCREEN
ACCLAIM!**



Darryl F. Zanuck
presents

Olivia de Havilland

**"Its searing realism gets inside
of you and twists and burns!"**

—Walter Winchell

**"One of the most compelling
films of the past few years!"**

—Bosley Crowther, N.Y. Times

**"It will remain a classic as long
as films are remembered!"**

—Cue Magazine

"Superb! It stands by itself!"

—Howard Barnes, N.Y. Herald Tribune

the Snake Pit

also Starring

MARK STEVENS and LEO GENN

with CELESTE HOLM • GLENN LANGAN
and Helen Craig • Liff Erickson • Beulah Bondi • Lee Patrick • Howard Freeman
Natalie Schafer • Ruth Donnelly • Katherine Locke • Frank Conroy • Minna Gombell

Directed by **ANATOLE LITVAK**

Produced by **ANATOLE LITVAK and ROBERT BASSLER**

Screen Play by Frank Partno and Milton Broad • Based on the Novel by Mary Jane Ward

20th CENTURY-FOX



FOUR-MAN BICYCLE is powered by five chains and has brakes on both its wheels. The bike was built by Art

Rothschild (*top position*), who is president of the association and who broke three ribs while learning how to ride it.



"GANGBUSTERS BIKE" MOUNTS 13 SHOTGUNS,

SPEAKING OF PICTURES



BEDSTEAD BIKE was dreamed up by Joe Steinlauf, who got the idea while lying around in bed one morning.



TWO REVOLVERS, SIX BAYONETS, FLARE GUN



ONLY SPRINGS CONNECT REAR OF MAURICE STEINLAUF'S BIKE WITH ROVING FRONT WHEEL

... CHICAGO BICYCLE REPAIRMEN BUILD MONSTROSITIES FOR FUN

To Webster a bicycle is "a light vehicle having two wheels, one behind the other." Such a definition theoretically describes the contraptions on these pages, but fails to do justice to the imagination of the Chicago chapter of the National Bicycle Dealers' Association. By artfully applying welder's torches to metal tubing, the chapter's members transform ordinary, utilitarian bicycles into traveling monstrosities. By far the most outlandish ideas have come from the

Steinlauf family, who produced from their bicycle repair shops most of the oddities shown here. They are hazardous; generally at least one member of the clan is to be found in the hospital. Elder brother Joe Steinlauf, not content with designing a "Quintecycle" (in honor of the Dionnes) on which he can take his father and three brothers riding, is now working on a bike that will carry 20 people. Ten will ride on the first level, seven on the second and three on the third.



UNO-WHEEL, if braked suddenly, has been known to spin its rider round and round inside the big main wheel.



ICE BIKE, with protective mittens on handles, is Joe Steinlauf's own solution to Chicago's icy winter streets.



SQUARE-WHEELED BIKE held by Bernard Steinlauf was built by son Dave after seeing a bicycle wreck.

New! Improved!

Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



Give Yourself a New Holiday Hairdo— One* Hour Waving Time

You can look an exciting new you for holiday parties...with a Richard Hudnut Home Permanent! With it you can set your hair in any style from a sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. And this home permanent is so easy...just like rolling your hair up in curlers!

The RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT is a salon-type home permanent...based on the same type preparations used in the Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for

luxuriously softer, lovelier waves.

Get this new, improved home permanent at your favorite cosmetic counter today. \$2.75; refill without rods, \$1.50. (All prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax.)

*Depending on texture and condition of hair—follow instructions.

It's 7 Ways Better!

- 1 Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
- 2 Waving lotion more penetrating, but gentler! Ample for complete coverage, including special Hudnut pre-softening.
- 3 Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
- 4 Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
- 5 Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave... non-frizzy ends.
- 6 Only home permanent kit to include Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse—famous for reconditioning and lustre-giving.
- 7 Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



DWARF BIKE, shown here by Bicycle Dealer Andy Koslow, was built by a former vaudevillian named Harry Sykes, who once built a bike half this size.



UNDER WAY on the bike, Koslow has trouble keeping knees free. This helps limber up his left leg, which, as a former motorcycle racer, he broke seven times.

Presenting
The
World's Finest
Plastic Fabric

It's NEW!
Glamorous!
Silky-Soft!

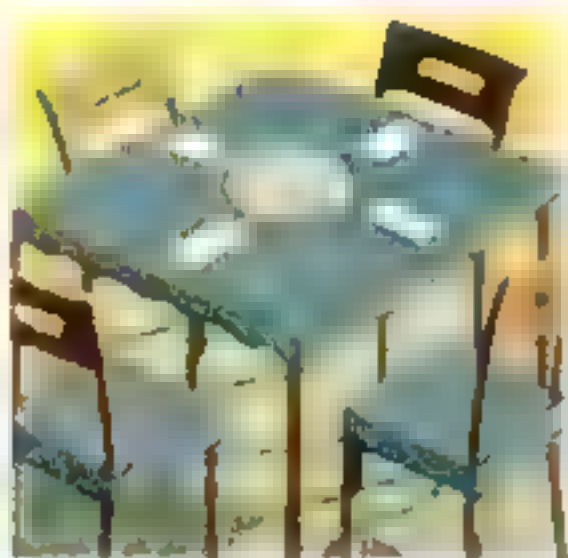


GOODYEAR Vinyl FILM

in scores of new home accessories of lifetime beauty



Smart shower and window curtains, unaffected by sun, soap or moisture.



Gay bridge table and chair covers, won't stain, soil or smear.



Rich lace-pattern table cloths, clean easily with damp cloth.



Colorful garment bags and accessories make closets a dream, protect clothing.

HERE'S the better vinyl plastic fabric you've been hoping for—a new, softer, richer, more durable material that's "at home" in the finest homes. It is backed by Goodyear's reputation for quality and years of experience as the leading producer of moistureproof plastic films.

Goodyear Vinyl Film is peach-soft, lovely to touch. It's sunfast—flame-and tear-resistant—doesn't shrink, wrinkle or pucker. It drapes beautifully without creasing—doesn't stain or spot permanently—cleans easily—and lasts for years.

It comes in a rainbow range of modern pastel colors in both translucent and solid shades, and in an infinite variety of handsome patterns. You'll find Goodyear Vinyl Film used in smart garment bags and matched closet accessories—stunning shower and window curtains—colorful drapes and table covers—cocktail aprons and scores of other home "usefuls." To be sure, look for the tag that reads: "Made with Goodyear Vinyl Film." General Products Division, Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

We think you'll like "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD" Every Sunday—ABC Network



Just a housewife ?

You may not see anything very unusual about the Christmas cookies in this picture. But they were made by a most remarkable woman.

Who is this woman? If you asked her occupation, she'd probably reply, "Oh, I'm just a housewife."

Just a housewife?

It is true there are times when she feels married to the broom and the mop, the dust cloth and the dish rag. But her career is the most important one a woman can choose.

She combines the skills of 15 to 20 trades and professions. She is purchasing agent and

nurse, spiritual advisor and seamstress, interior decorator and teacher, carpenter—and keeper of the cookie jar. And make no mistake about this: she knows how to be a glamour girl too.

Her job is to keep her family well fed and patched and clean behind the ears. Her ambition is to build good citizens—to make them happy and comfortable and proud of the way they live...eager to bring their friends home to her.

Her working day often begins before dawn, and may last right up until bedtime—seven days a week. Her pay? The pay she values

most is the loving appreciation of her family.

Now, at Christmas time, let our own warmest words of appreciation go out to this remarkable woman.

Who is she?

If you are a homemaker, you know her well. Her name is yours.



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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

CHRISTMAS COMES TO EUROPE'S CHILDREN	13
EDITORIAL: TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY	20
SNOWBLOW CUTS PATH BETWEEN TWO KANSAS TOWNS	21
BRITAIN'S PRINCE GREETES THE WORLD	22
PRESIDENT'S FAMILY KEEPS DATE WITH CAMERAMEN	24
DIGGER IS SAVED AFTER BEING BURIED 20 MINUTES	26
CHARRED VILLAGES POINT COMMUNIST WAY TO NANKING	30

ARTICLE

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER CHARLES DICKENS by MONICA DICKENS	76
-----------------------------------------------------------	----

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

SHOW STOPPERS	62
---------------	----

SPORTS

BOY WONDER OF RACE TRACK	29
--------------------------	----

ART

GIOTTO'S STORY OF CHRIST	34
--------------------------	----

SCIENCE

ABSOLUTE ZERO	58
---------------	----

ANIMALS

CAT SPAT	60
----------	----

BOOKS

"BLUEBERRIES FOR SAL"	69
-----------------------	----

ARCHITECTURE

NUMEROUS BUILDINGS	72
--------------------	----

MUSIC

GREAT CONDUCTOR	74
-----------------	----

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS	2
SPEAKING OF PICTURES: CHICAGO REPAIRMEN BUILD MONSTROUS BICYCLES FOR FUN	6
LIFE GOES TO AN OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY	26
MISCELLANY: WORDLESS INTERVIEW	28

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LIFE'S COVER

The Nativity, showing Mary placing the Infant Jesus in the manger, is a detail from the painting on pages 40 and 41, one of 39 scenes in the lives of Christ and Mary which Giotto painted on the walls of the Arena Chapel in Padua. In 24 pages of this issue, starting on page 34, LIFE presents the most complete color reproduction ever published of these frescoes, one of the greatest works of art in the Western world. Only four panels of the story are omitted. Reprints can be obtained by sending 10¢ to LIFE, Dept. G, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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6: 7: WALLACE KIRKLAND ETC. BOY BY GEORGE SKADDING	62: 63: PHILIPPE HALSMAN
8: WALLACE KIRKLAND	64: 65: SHARLAND FENN B.S.
11: THROUGHOUT: DAVID SEYMOUR FROM MAGNUM	66: 67: GJON MILI
21: DYKENS AND BOTSON	72: 73: EZRA STOLLER FOR PICTORIAL SERVICES
22: THE TIMES OF LONDON	74: 75: LISA LARSEN
23: THE TIMES OF LONDON ETC. 7: CENT. INT	76: COURTESY MR. CHARLES SAWYER
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SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN?



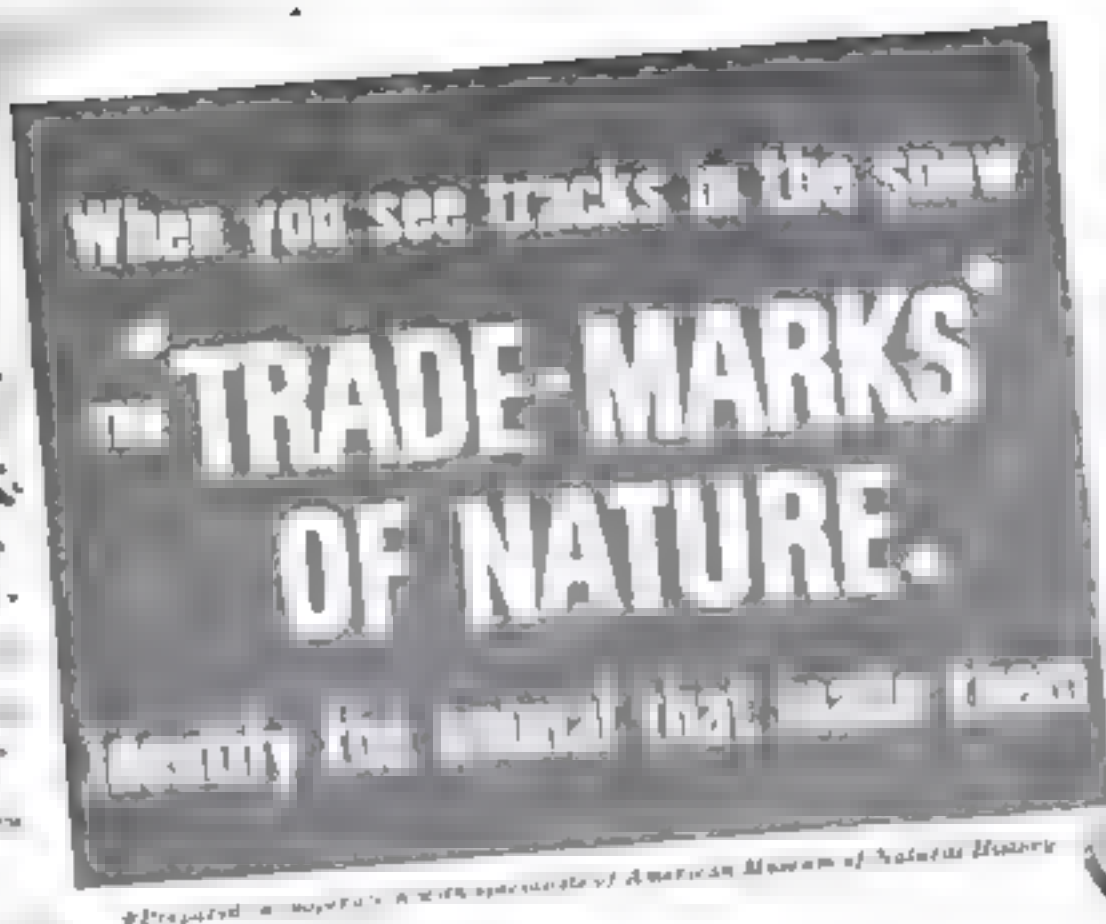
Don't forget to have plenty of genuine ice on hand for your party drinks. And here's a suggestion . . . a big bowl of New Year's punch with a big piece of crystal-clear ice to keep it cold will get things off to a happy start.



USE PLENTY OF Genuine* ICE

*"Genuine ice" is the pure, crystal-clear, taste-free, slow-melting, hard-frozen kind supplied exclusively by your local Ice Company. Call on them for genuine ice for every cooling need.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.



The trail of a **MUSKRAT** is distinguished by the hand-like prints of his paws, with four "fingers" on his fore paw prints and five on the hind paws. He also leaves a tail mark.



The mark of a **GRIZZLY BEAR** is a track of great size usually showing five immense claw prints.



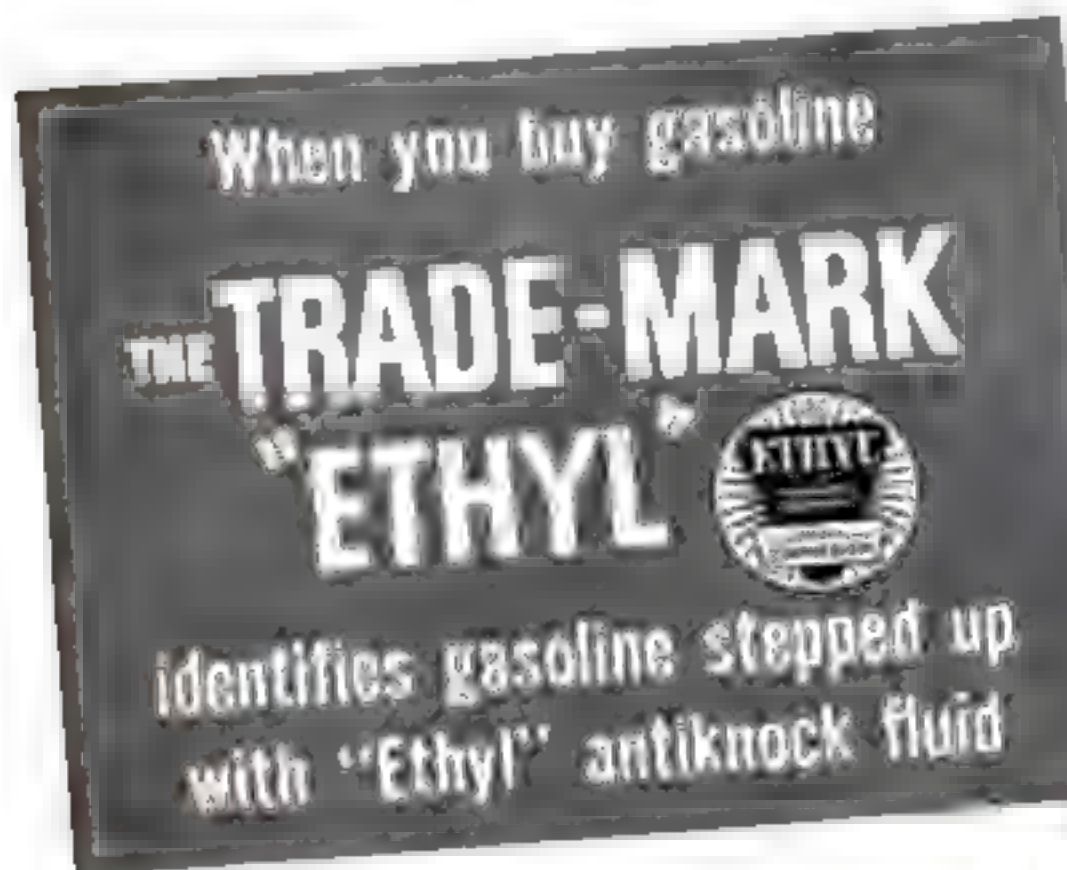
The king-size footprints of the **SNOWSHOE RABBIT** distinguish its trail from that of other rabbits.



Tracks that look like those of a domestic cat but of much greater size are the unmistakable mark of a **PUMA** (also called Panther, Mountain Lion and Cougar).



Cloven hoof prints that are pointed in shape mark the track of a **DEER**. The track of a White Tailed Deer is illustrated.



RED FOX tracks can be distinguished by the print of the small pads behind the toes and by the way the fox sets his feet nearly in a straight line.

To get the best performance from your car, use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid — the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

To show you their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" antiknock compound, oil companies display "Ethyl" trade-marks on their gasoline pumps. "Ethyl" fluid is made by Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, N.Y. 17, N.Y.



The track of a **SAFE DRIVER** is marked by the prints of his tire chains. Chains cut down braking distances on snow and ice as much as 50%.



AT A CAMP IN IOANNINA, GREEK CHILDREN SING WHILE WAITING FOR THE RATION OF POWDERED MILK WHICH U.N. PROVIDES TO HELP KEEP THEM ALIVE

CHILDREN OF EUROPE

CHRISTMAS FINDS MANY OF THEM STILL IN GREAT NEED OF HELP

After almost four years of peace, Christmas at last means more to Europe's children than another dreary day in the midst of one more winter. Where for many there was only cold hunger, now there is some food and some warmth. Where there were no gifts, now there are some salvaged or new-made toys. In half a dozen nations this will be the brightest Christmas since the war's beginning. But in Italy and Greece, Austria, Poland and Yugosla-

via, millions will still find Christmas more a day for wistful than for song. To bring home the misery of these children to Americans now enjoying the 84th Christmas since a war was fought on U.S. soil, Photographer David Seymour traveled through five European countries on both sides of the Iron Curtain. At clinics and food-distribution points set up by UNICEF (United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund) and other organ-

izations (p. 18) which are struggling to help Europe's children, he photographed the slow progress from sickness to health. He also photographed scenes that were not necessarily typical but that best dramatize the enormous task. A frantic girl in a Polish institute speaks for millions who are only unhappy. An armless, blind boy in an Italian home conveys the wretchedness of thousands who cry for help because they cannot help themselves.



HOME In the broken cities the stairways lead up to nowhere and the scouring wind topples stones from the walls. But only strangers are appalled. Children are used to the ruins because they are home. They can scarcely remember when the houses were whole.



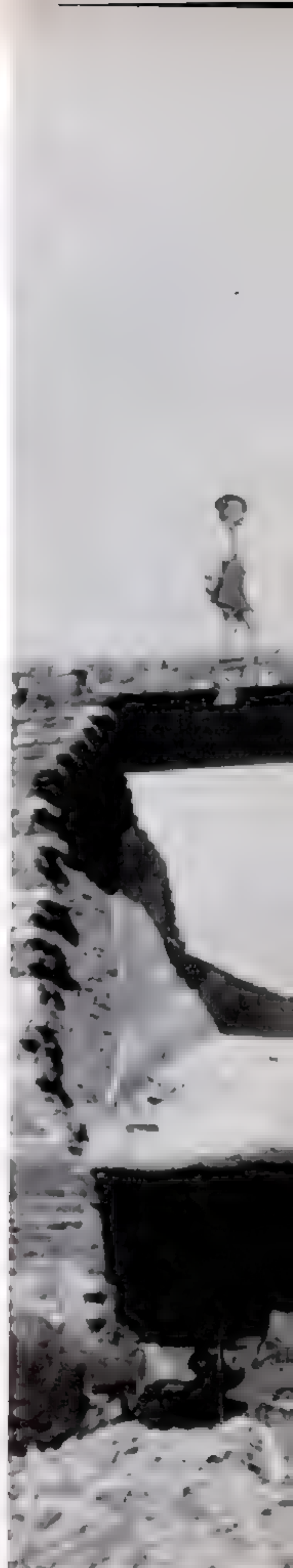
TOYS There are few toys for the unfortunate of Europe's children. This little girl holds a headless armless doll—which in the U.S. would long since have found its way into the ash can—with great gentleness so that no harm may come to it.



WORK In Italy's farming country many children are diseased and prematurely old because they must begin to work as soon as they are strong enough to lift a hoe. There are few machines to break the land, and few families can afford a draft horse.



SCHOOL This is a big day in the lives of these Polish school-children. Their teacher has somewhere managed to find them a notebook, in which they can write temperature readings taken from a calory meter made of an old UNRA pork can.





PLAYGROUND

Although Vienna has survived better than Berlin or gutted Warsaw, the children of the city are still on familiar terms with hunger and with cold. The worst problem is lack of clothing. Daily hundreds of children are forced to stay at home or they go outdoors to play barefoot in the cold streets

and the sharp rubble so that a brother or sister can wear the family shoes. But the children are recovering nonetheless. When it is their turn to wear the shoes some of them can go to school and buy a hot meal provided by the U.N., for 5c. In the meantime because they have mercifully short memories, they can play war games in the ruins of war.





← **TERESKA DRAWS HER HOME** Children's wounds are not all outward. Those made in the mind by years of sorrow will take years to heal. In Warsaw, at an institute which cares for some of Europe's thousands of "disturbed" children, a Polish girl named Tereska was asked to make a picture of her home. These terrible scratches are what she drew.

ITALO LEARNS TO READ In Rome there is a home for war-wounded children. Italo Renzetti, 11 years old, lives there. He is slowly learning to read by pressing his nose and lips against the rough pages of a book in Braille. He cannot use his eyes because he is blind, he cannot use his fingertips because his arms have been amputated just below the shoulders.



ORPHANS Europe's millions of children who have lost their parents, like those above, still have more to lose a sense of individuality and dignity. Recently at a Polish orphanage, in a pathetic attempt at

good cheer, a party was held during which each child was given the privilege of choosing a name. This he can keep for the rest of his life to replace the name he lost when his parents disappeared and he became an unknown stray.

MANY AGENCIES HELP

More than 35 organizations supported by Americans help Europe's children. None has sufficient funds and all depend largely on individual gifts. Some agencies, such as CARE, provide food or clothing on an individual basis. Others, such as the American Friends Service Committee, set up clinics and special centers to serve the people of individual localities. The U.N. Fund is financed both by governments and individuals, who in the U.S. this year contributed only 2% of the amount the U.N. hoped to receive. Six of the agencies are:

**UNITED NATIONS INTERNATIONAL
CHILDREN'S EMERGENCY FUND**
Lake Success, N.Y.

CARE
30 Broad St., New York 4, N.Y.

**AMERICAN FRIENDS
SERVICE COMMITTEE**
20 S. 12th St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

CHURCH WORLD SERVICE INC
(Protestant)
214 East 21st St., New York 10, N.Y.

**WAR RELIEF SERVICES, NATIONAL
CATHOLIC WELFARE CONFERENCE**
350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

JOINT DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE
(Jewish)
1 West 39th St., New York 18, N.Y.



STRAYS Because their parents must work, there is no one to care for the youngest children. At noon they wander across a square in Bari, alone and ignored, in search of something—anything—to do. What they will find depends only on which street they chance to turn into, which sound or smell they follow to its source.

Italy's jails and reformatories—and those of most of Europe—are already crammed with children only a little older than these. Hospitals are filled with others of the same age. Although many have been and are now being saved by the vast number of private contributions by American citizens, their need is still great and their future is still in doubt.



NURSE IN VIENNESE HOME FOR ILLEGITIMATE BABIES
HOLDS CHILDREN FATHERED BY RUSSIAN AND UNKNOWN GI

TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

"FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD" (LUKE 2:11)

Christmas began as the celebration, in pageant and art, of the story of the Nativity in Bethlehem, and to such it must always return. The whole meaning of the holiday is to be found in the simple story of St. Luke, the New Testament gospelist who comes closest to the modern storyteller's art of blending narrative with intimate, homely detail. The other New Testament Gospels speak in symbol or thesis: in St. John the Word is "made flesh"; in St. Mark the author is eager to get on to the story of Christ's mission on earth. Even St. Matthew, who makes much of the star of Bethlehem and the Wise Men coming from the East to worship the King, is mainly interested in establishing the thesis that Christ is the expected Messiah. But St. Luke shows us the Mother wrapping the Babe in swaddling clothes in the manger in Bethlehem; he gives us the scene that presupposes the crèche or crib that became the fountainhead of Christian art.

Around St. Luke's Bethlehem the shepherds watch their flocks under the stars that shine so brilliantly in all desert country—and the angel of the Lord who appears before the shepherds speaks not in the language of theology but in words of simple human comfort. "Behold," said St. Luke's angel, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Practically every good Christmas carol that has ever been written takes off from St. Luke's vision of Christian joy.

Many Christmases

The history of 20 Christian centuries, of 1,900 and more Christmases, alas, shows anything but a steady appreciation of St. Luke's good tidings. Christmas has gone the way of the world, which is a way of extreme fluctuation. Christmas has been secularized by secularists and made a nightmare by those who confuse the art of giving with the art of ostentation. It has been interfused with pagan ceremony and tossed about by church "statesmen" who believe in "concessions" to the masses who presumably hunger for the rites of the old Roman Saturnalia. We have had all sorts of Christmases in all sorts of lands: the Germans have contributed the lovely symbolism of the Christmas tree, the British have made much of the yule log and the druidical mistletoe. To the extent that joy requires a spirit of spontaneous variation, these additions to Christmas are good things. But the point is that they should be additions, not a substitute for the joy in the Nativity that is at the heart of St. Luke.

Inasmuch as Christ the Babe was born into *this* world, Christmas cannot be an "other-worldly" holiday. And it can only be celebrated by Christians who feel at home in a world of mothers and children, of shepherds (and other workaday people) and even of the tax collectors who appear as representatives of Caesar Augustus in St. Luke. Naturally enough the spirit of Christmas must burn low when Christianity itself is in extreme trouble, either through persecution or forgetfulness. In the early centuries of the Christian Era, before the West had become widely converted, it is scant wonder that Easter was the significant Christian holiday. The church of the Pauline centuries was an otherworldly church,

and the joy of those days was the joy of the Heavenly Vision. The interests of the Christian communities were not "of this world." They lived by faith in the Resurrection and in the hope of the Going Up to God or of His coming again to them, which is the promise of Easter.

Yet in due course, after the Dark Ages, Christians were to create a civilization, and they called it Christendom. Without losing sight of Heaven they sought a society which could unite all men in a faith and a joy that could exist in the here-and-now. In Christendom one could live the Christian life in full view of one's fellows on earth, and the Christian heaven could work in society to promote a joy to counteract the many sorrows and problems to which human flesh is natural heir.

With Christians eagerly trying to establish a Christian society on this earth, they inevitably came to put the story of Christ's birth among men at the center of their thought. It was St. Francis of Assisi, that joyful soul, who first saw how the gospel story of St. Luke could be used pictorially to teach the doctrine of the Divine Incarnation. Having obtained the Pope's permission to make dramatic art out of St. Luke's narrative, St. Francis prepared a stable in the little Italian village of Greccio, near Assisi. The legend has it that he borrowed an ox, an ass and a bundle of hay from a friendly farmer and on Christmas Day invited the villagers in to see his pageant. Soon the idea of dramatizing the crèche, or manger crib, had spread throughout Christendom. The painters took hold of it, and the great pictures of Giotto (pp. 34-56), Botticelli and Del Sarto, which glorify the Madonna, were one result of St. Francis' pictorial representation of St. Luke. Another joyful flowering of St. Francis' idea was the spread of the Christmas carol. All over Europe people began singing lullabies to the Babe in the manger, songs to the Wise Men of the East. The details for the verses were drawn from St. Luke and to a lesser extent from St. Matthew. The Child of Bethlehem, the Babe who brought joy and hope to people in this world, had come into His own.

Excuse for Hilarity

The Reformation did not kill Christmas, but in certain parts of a now sundered Christendom it did abolish (for the moment) the dramatic celebration of the Incarnation. In England, after Cromwell and his Puritans had had their way with "idolatrous" imagery, Christmas tended to revert to its ancient status of a solstitial holiday. The English people still took joy in Christmas, but it was a joy with few spiritual overtones. The yule log burned brightly, the roasted boar or goose was still washed down with ale and topped off with spirits. But the birth of the Child in Bethlehem was no longer the center of the piece. Christmas, like New Year's, was merely an excuse for hilarity, the sort of good time enjoyed by the Pickwickians in Dickens' pages as they carried the oysters and the codfish down to Dingley Dell.

Aside from taking a continued pleasure in yuletide heartiness, the Victorians returned Christmas, not to the Child, but to the children. They did this first of all because they took a new pleasure in the idea of family, and secondly because Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort, was used to the German pageantry of the

Christmas tree and Father Christmas, who in America took on the cheery habiliments of Santa Claus. The big houses of the Victorians had room for trees and romping children, and the joy of giving to the kids brought some measure of spirituality back into the holiday. But the Child in the manger was remembered almost as an afterthought, a useful property for carols but hardly as popular a symbol as the Good Saint Nick and his air-stepping reindeer.

In America, in the 19th Century, some great hymns to the Child were written, notably Bishop Brooks's *O Little Town of Bethlehem*. But they lacked the simplicity of adoration that is to be found in Martin Luther's 16th Century hymn to the "Little Lord Jesus" asleep on the hay. In spite of Bishop Brooks, the secularization of Christmas proceeded apace.

Revival of St. Luke

This year, in 1948, the Christmas news is all about shopping conditions and Elliott Roosevelt's Val-Kill Christmas tree bargains. We are the heirs of all that has happened to Christmas in the Western world. But a new note was interjected into the papers last week when St. Francis' old pageant of the crèche suddenly turned up in New York's Westchester County. Drama students of Sarah Lawrence College made a four-day tour presenting the sort of Nativity play that used to be produced by guilds in the high Middle Ages. A large horse-drawn wagon housed the stage, with the manger at one end. Thirteen players enacted the drama of the Nativity, and 20 college carolers provided musical atmosphere. It took the Sarah Lawrence students something less than an hour to act out St. Luke's gospel story. The important part of the news about the Sarah Lawrence pageant was the attitude of children in the audience: they loved it.

It cannot be said that the world needs to rediscover St. Luke, for the story of the Nativity has never really been forgotten. But what the world does need to do is to recover the ancient joy in the dramatic symbolism of the birth of the Infant Jesus. The drama of the Nativity will not solve all our problems, but Christians everywhere ought to work for the kind of world in which the story of the Nativity would be as much at home as it was in St. Francis' time. Today the world is beset by problems, and only in a few places such as the U.S. is there relative happiness. Even in the U.S. joy is compounded mainly of comfort and prosperity. In a world of problems mitigated by creature comforts, the story of the Nativity must seem homeless, but in such a world it is more necessary than ever before.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➡

The winter's first storm, accompanied by sub-zero winds, hit the U.S. in the Great Plains region. It brought snow that fell for 40 hours. It brought death to thousands of sheep and cattle and cut hundreds of towns off from their neighbors. Some of them, like St. Francis and Beardsley in Kansas, were out of touch for nine days until the railroad's rotary plow rejoined them by cutting a path 16 feet deep (opposite) to open its tracks. By last week all the snow was gone but winter had only begun.



STEAMER'S SMOKE PLUMES UP BANKS TO FEEL WIND
IN PATH BETWEEN TWO ISOLATED RANGES POWER

For the Royal Album

Britain's new prince meets the world

Last week, one month and one day after he was born to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, the male heir to Britain's throne was christened Charles Philip Arthur George and given a ration book. He was also exposed to the first of many photographic sieges that will be his lot as Prince Charles of Edinburgh and, if all goes well, as King Charles III. As always, King George himself decided precisely what pictures should be taken on such an occasion. He allowed none of the christening but afterward permitted a select and subdued squad of British photographers to photograph the prince in the groupings shown on these pages, concluding with the inevitable portrait of the royal family and invited sponsors (*opposite, below*). Professional picture editors might find them lacking in verve and variety, but they were what the king wanted for the royal albums.









For the Truman Album

**The President's wife and daughter
hold an official camera session**

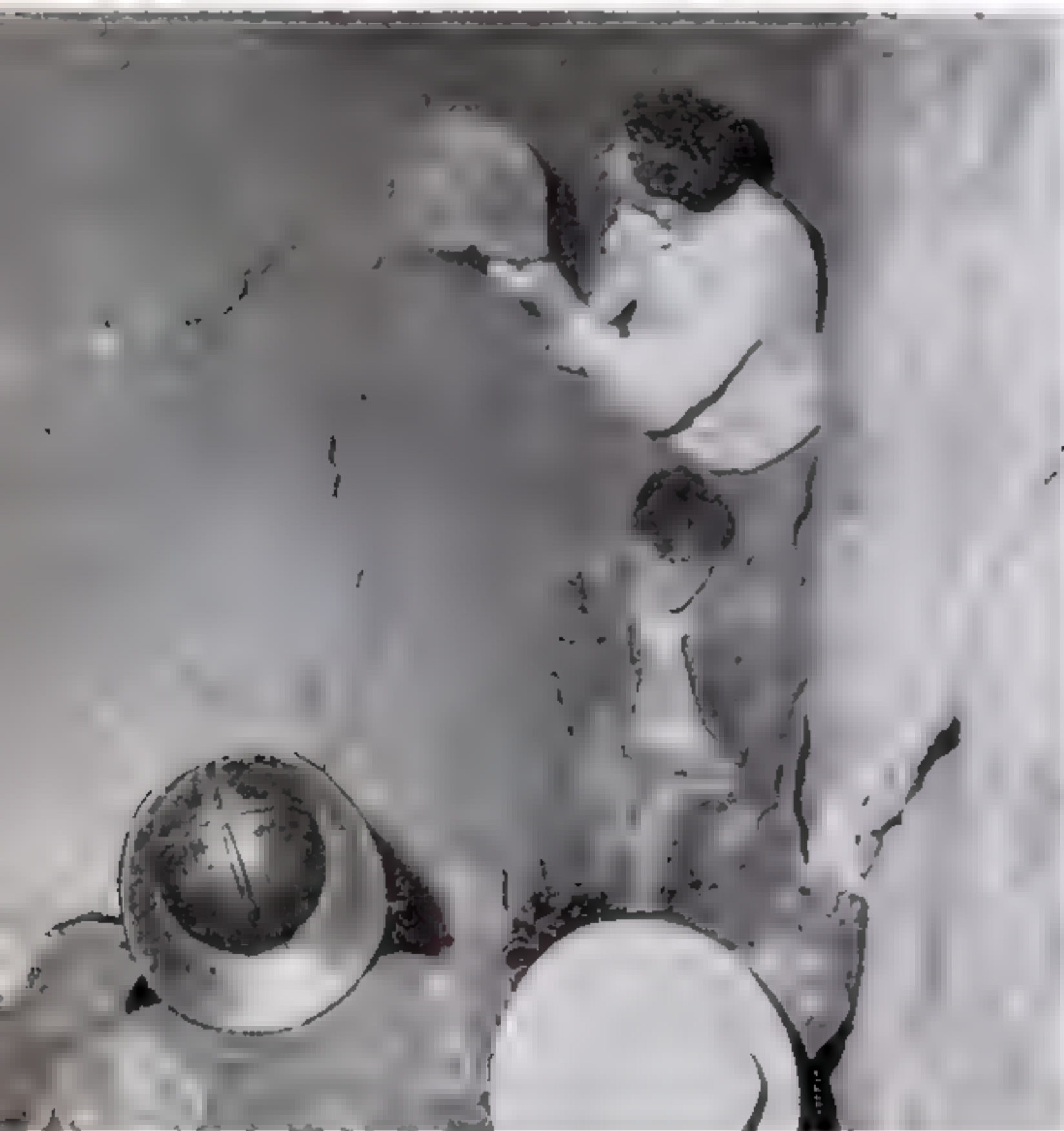
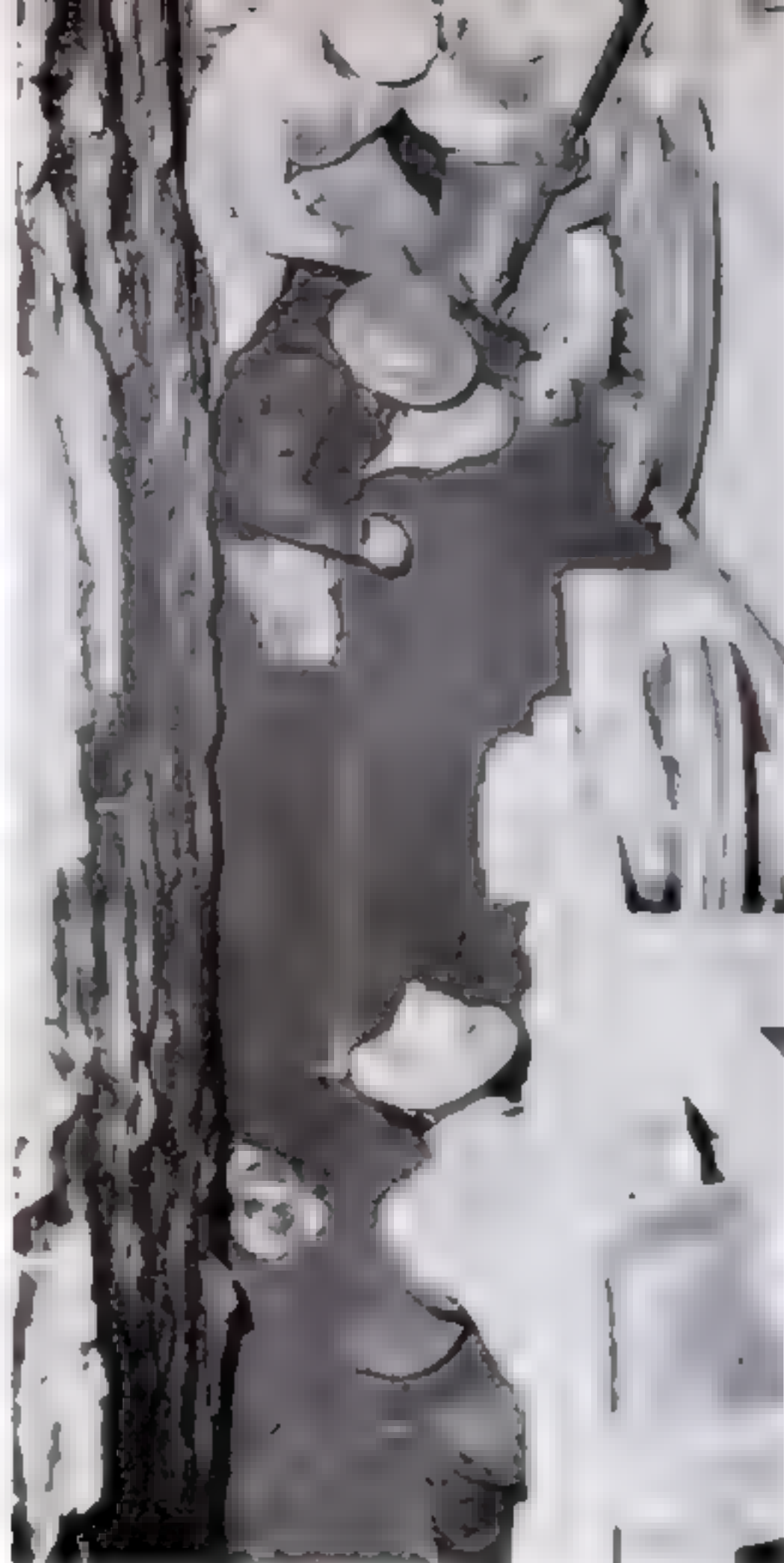
Last week, one month and 12 days after the election, the First Family of the U.S. gave in to the requests for pictures. Although Harry Truman is currently the most photographed man in the world, his wife and daughter have been content to stay in the background. Mrs. Truman and Margaret finally agreed to meet the photographers in Blair House.

As can be seen from the photographs, America's First Family cannot control picture-taking in the manner of royalty. For 15 minutes they posed patiently while the photographers aimed floodlights and prodded their subjects.

The results for the presidential album may not have had the tradition-steeped grace of royalty, but they did have the charming hominess that is even more respected in the U.S.

It remained for the President to provide the most sport means album pictures. On receipt of two Christmas turkeys Truman presented himself to the birds, chucked them under the wattles and was clawed in a most disrespectful manner. The same week he also received gifts of butter and cigars (Truman does not smoke) from a town that went for Dewey and wanted to make amends. Its name: Truman, Minn.





TRAPPED DIGGER

Buried alive 20 minutes, he is saved

This month, 25 feet below the street in Sacramento, Calif., pipeline diggers found the porous subsoil easy work but dangerous. Suddenly one side of the ditch avalanched down on three workers. Rescuers found two of them struggling near the surface. But the third, Roy Cook, was missing. Poking a mechanical digger into the hole to block

a further slide (*top left*), the workmen went after Roy with hand shovels. Twenty minutes later, 6 feet down, they found his hat (*top center*). Below it they found Roy unconscious (*top right*), his nose blocked with dirt. Thirty minutes later, when the crew had dug him free of the avalanche, he was still shaky but sound enough to be home for Christmas.

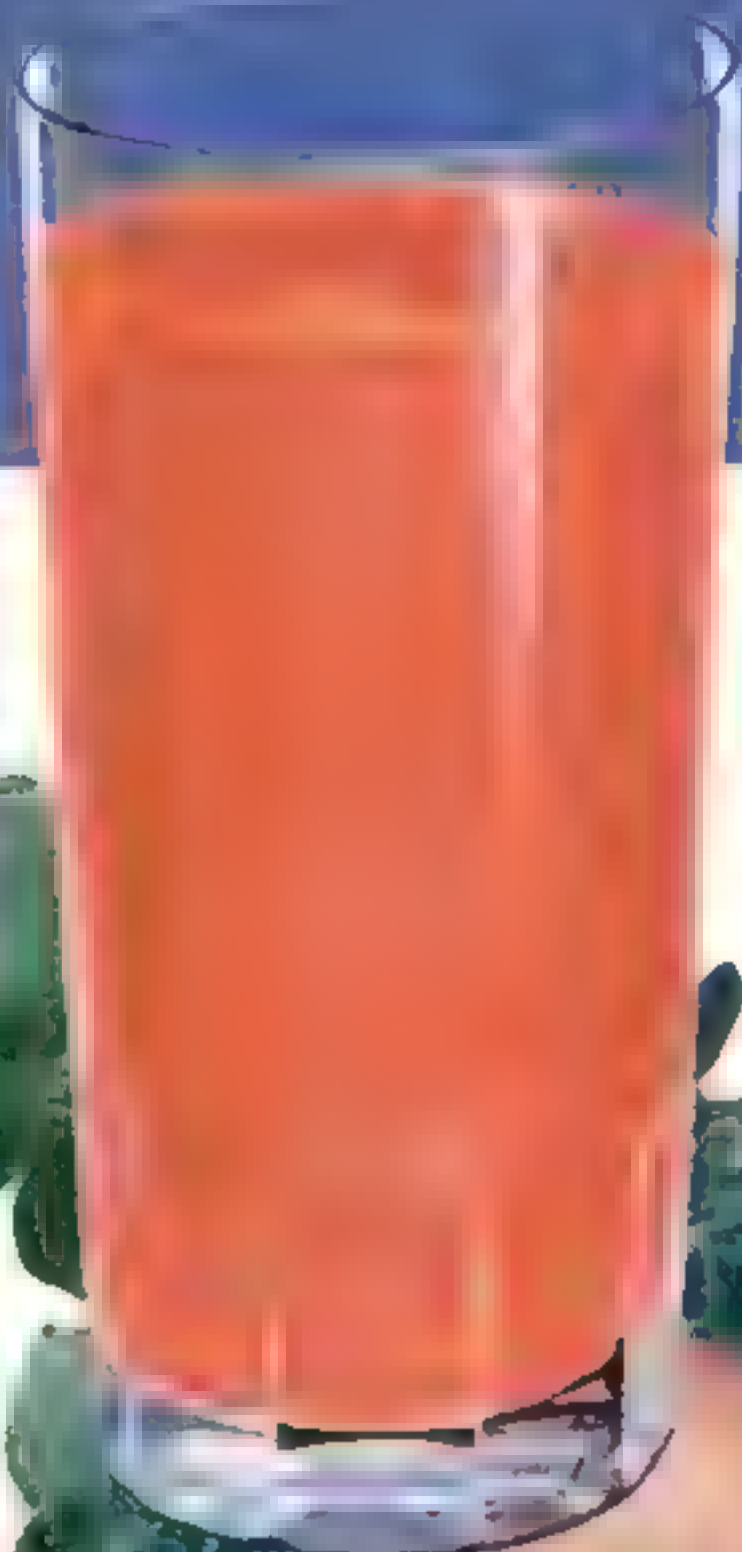


YES MA'AM, IT'S BACK!... AND FOR
THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WAR
THERE'S PLENTY FOR EVERYBODY!



IT'S OUR FAVORITE!... ALWAYS WAS!
IT'LL BE CAMPBELL'S FOR US FROM NOW ON!

They're coming back to Campbell's



For fresh-tomato flavor, millions say
"Campbell's is the one!"

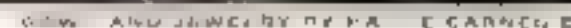
Fill your glass with the fresh-pressed juice of the
finest tomatoes in the world. Drink deep and find
out why back when Campbell's was plentiful it
was the largest selling tomato juice in America.
Have it often - this year there is plenty again!

Campbell's TOMATO JUICE

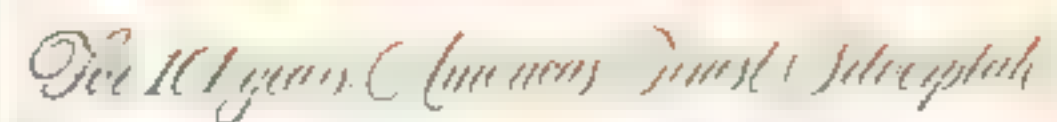


Fresh-Tomato Flavor
-that's why folks choose Campbell's!





© PM 1944 THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY MERIDEN CONN





LOOKING EVEN YOUNGER THAN HIS 17 YEARS, CLARENCE PICOU WIPES MUD FROM HANDS BETWEEN WINNERS

BOY WONDER OF RACE TRACK

Jockey Clarence Picou's 270 victories this year have touts bug-eyed

For the first time in months, racing fans now have something to talk about other than Citation. From Pimlico to Santa Anita touts' tongues were wagging about the accomplishments of Apprentice Jockey Clarence Emile Picou, the beardless 17-year-old pictured above. In his first year as a professional he had ridden 270 winners through Dec. 16—more than any other jockey with the exception of California's veteran Johnny Longden. Five times in a 13-day meet at Bowie, Md. this fall he kicked home three winners in one day; another day he rode five, and twice plungers bet Picou mounts so heavily—simply because he was in the saddle—that the track lost money.

Although Picou learned how to ride in the bush

leagues—the quarter-horse races held near his native Beaumont, Texas—he is anything but a bush leaguer now. After one year's association with race-track sharpies Picou is a fairly self-assured character himself. He is reticent about his first year's earnings, but a good guess is about \$100,000. Some of this Picou spent on luxuries like his new Buick, but he is also shopping around for a cattle ranch, which suggests that he has no intention of spending his later years cadging drinks with other broken-down ex-jockeys. Many race-track observers think Picou's career will be fairly short; his feet and hands are too big and he is still growing. But until he gets heavy—Picou weighs 106 pounds now—the horses will run for him as if he talks their language.



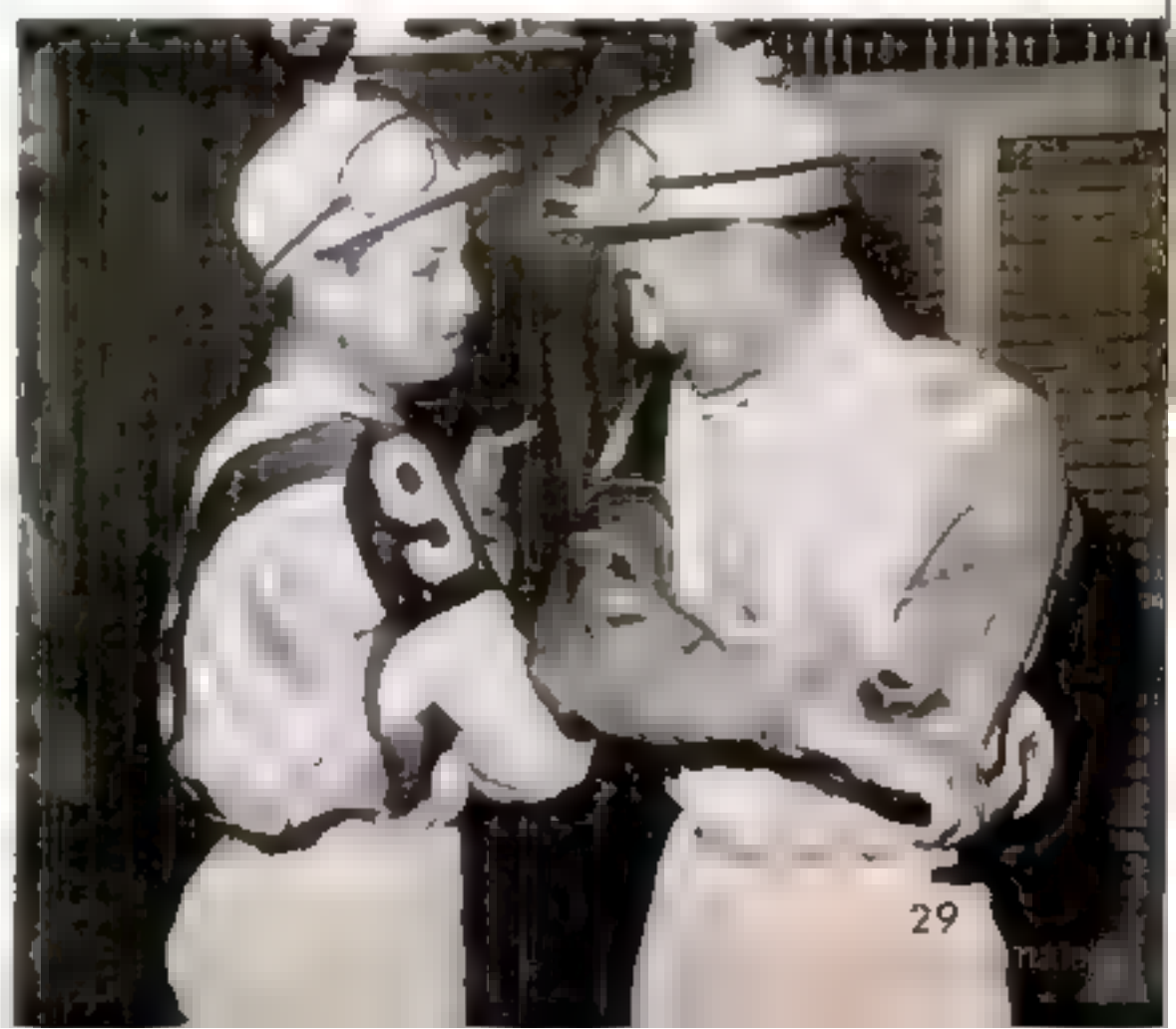
FRACTIOUS HORSE ridden by Picou at Bowie has to be pushed into starting stall by track handlers. Even the best jockeys often require help with high-strung mounts.



STARTING A RACE, Picou and Miss Coverly (No. 2) speed past the stand. They finished fourth. Thanks to his quarter-horse experience Picou always gets a fast start.



WINNING A RACE, one of three victories at Bowie on Nov. 27, Picou (above, right) whips Rancor down muddy track. Below: he chats with Veteran Jockey Jim Layton.





THE GAUNT EARTHEN GABLES OF BURNED-OUT PEASANTS' HOMES STAND LIKE A LINE OF LOW PYRAMIDS ABOVE THE WINTER SKYLINE OF A CENTRAL CHINA VILLAGE



"ALL LOST" is the cry of this Chinese grandmother who had returned home to ruined village (above). LIFE's cor-

respondent Carl Mydans, passing village with his camera, found her during trek with a Nationalist column (right).

ARMIES LEAVE A SCORCHED CHINA

Communists win battle of Pengpu

On the endless flatlands to the north of the Yangtze River, where tough young blades of winter wheat greened the dry paddy fields, the air smelled of burning thatch and straw. Artillery fire pounded the horizons. Clumps of rootless earth walls, blackened by fire, marked villages which had stood in the way of China's warring armies. Against that scene the Nationalists were trying to rally for a last stand. The Communists were still beating them, and the news pointed to an historic fact: the era of the Kuomintang was ending. China's national party had fallen victim to exhaustion and superior force of arms, 37 years after the little physician Sun Yat-sen brought it into the world by overthrowing the Manchus and establishing the Chinese republic. It seemed probable now that the Reds would soon have Nanking, Chiang Kai-shek's capital, and most of China.

One of the surprises of the dying era was that the armies defending Nanking were fighting hard. But the Communists were relentless. Three weeks ago they forced Chiang to give up strategic Suchow and fall back to Pengpu on the muddy Huai River, which Chinese military men feel is the key to the Yangtze. Last week Chiang's troops gave up Pengpu and retreated to Chuhsien, only 30 miles north of Nanking. Some of Chiang's friends were advising him to resign and let others try to form a coalition government with the Communists. The pressure was magnified because the ancient northern capital, Peiping, was at last fully besieged by the Reds. Said a Chinese at Pengpu, "We Chinese are 18 levels down in hell."



NORTH OF PENGPU. THREE BEWILDERED VILLAGERS (RIGHT) HELPLESSLY SURVEY THE RUINS LEFT BY BATTLING TROOPS. SUCH DESTRUCTION SPURS PLEAS FOR PEACE



NATIONALIST INFANTRY, equipped with old Japanese helmets and field packs, moves northward in an effort

to open an escape corridor for several Nationalist armies trapped by the Reds between Suchow and Pengpu. They

failed, and the Nationalists lost Pengpu last week. The troops in the distance are shown resting by grave mounds.

U.S. ARMY EVACUATES PERSONNEL—AND BEER

The pictures below provide an odd document of the retreat from Nanking, an experience shared by many highly placed Chinese and by Americans, including most of JUSMAG (Joint U.S. Military Advisory Group), which went to China to tell her army and navy about warfare. JUSMAG smashed

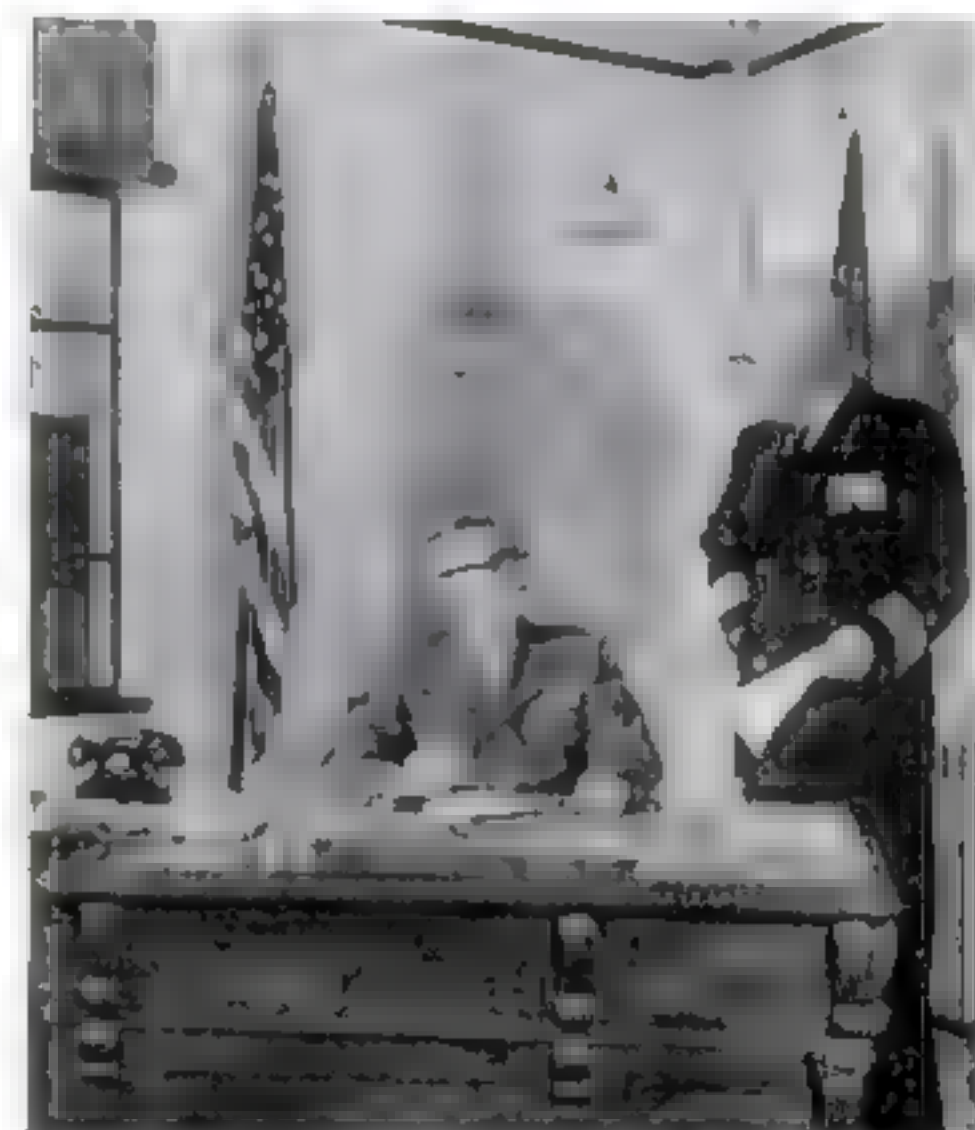
about 14,000 radio transcriptions which had given Nanking everything from Bob Hope to Sibelius, and which, if left, would have given a Red China nothing more harmful than a puzzling last touch of U.S. propaganda. But the supreme achievement of evacuation was the rescue of 30,000 cases of beer.



CHINESE BUREAUCRAT, top rural aid official Van Chi-chang, slips away to Canton, possibly a new capital.



AMERICAN NEWLYWEDS, Major G. C. Bartlett and bride, who worked for Army, cut cake on exodus eve.



JUSMAG CHIEF, Major-General David Barr (left), and naval section head, Rear Admiral F. P. Old, stay on.



EVACUATION SHIP is an LSM, built for the Pacific beaches. Truck carrying personal effects backs aboard.



BURNING DOCUMENTS scent Nanking's air with odor of red tape. JUSMAG shipped off really secret files.



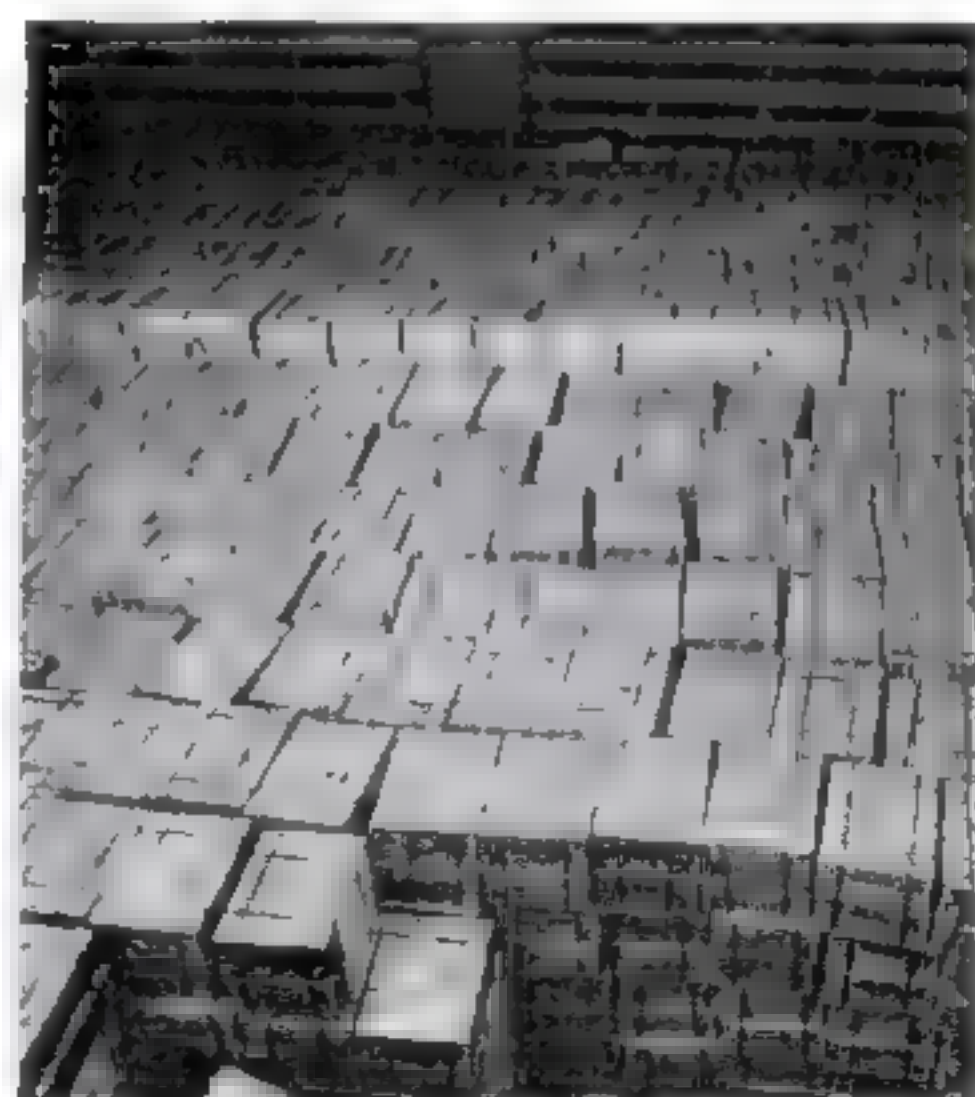
HOT JAZZ RECORDS are among the 14,000 lost as Army applies the scorched-earth policy to field of music.



STRIPPED SEDANS, with tires removed to provide spares for others being sent to Shanghai, are written off.



U.S. GENERAL'S CADILLAC, too costly to leave, is ready for shipment to Shanghai as Reds near Nanking.



PRECIOUS BEER rests in ship's hold, safe from Reds. Quartermasters argued hard to get the beer supply out.

THE BEST DESIGNS begin with U. S. Koylon Foam's ability to hold its shape under extraordinary conditions. Its "air-borne" upthrust matters enormously to designers quick to seize on Koylon's astounding properties to make your life pleasanter and more comfortable. Example: the furnishings of this modern room by Robsjohn-Gibbings for the Widdicomb Furniture Company would never have existed without Koylon... that has spring without springs, holds its shape without restraint.



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U. S. Koylon Foam Cushioning and Mattresses are becoming a "must" on pleasure boats of all sizes and on modern passenger liners.



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AN ANGEL OF THE LORD MOURNS FOR JESUS CHRIST

THE STORY OF CHRIST

The noblest paintings of the Saviour's life were done by Giotto for a chapel in Italy

IN the early years of the 14th Century a wealthy man of Padua named Enrico Scrovegni, the son of an Italian usurer whom Dante in his *Inferno* had placed in the seventh circle of hell, wished to atone for his father's sins. He built a vaulted chapel in Padua, called the Arena Chapel because it stood near the ruins of an ancient Roman arena, and commissioned a Florentine artist named Giotto di Bondone to paint on its walls the story of Christ.

Today, their colors still clear though faded and softened by six and a half centuries, the frescoes Giotto painted in the Arena Chapel stand as the greatest and noblest telling of the story that art has yet produced. Never before Giotto had any artist painted the human figure with such compassion and reality. Never before or since has any painter composed the many scenes of the sublime drama with such grace and deep wonder.

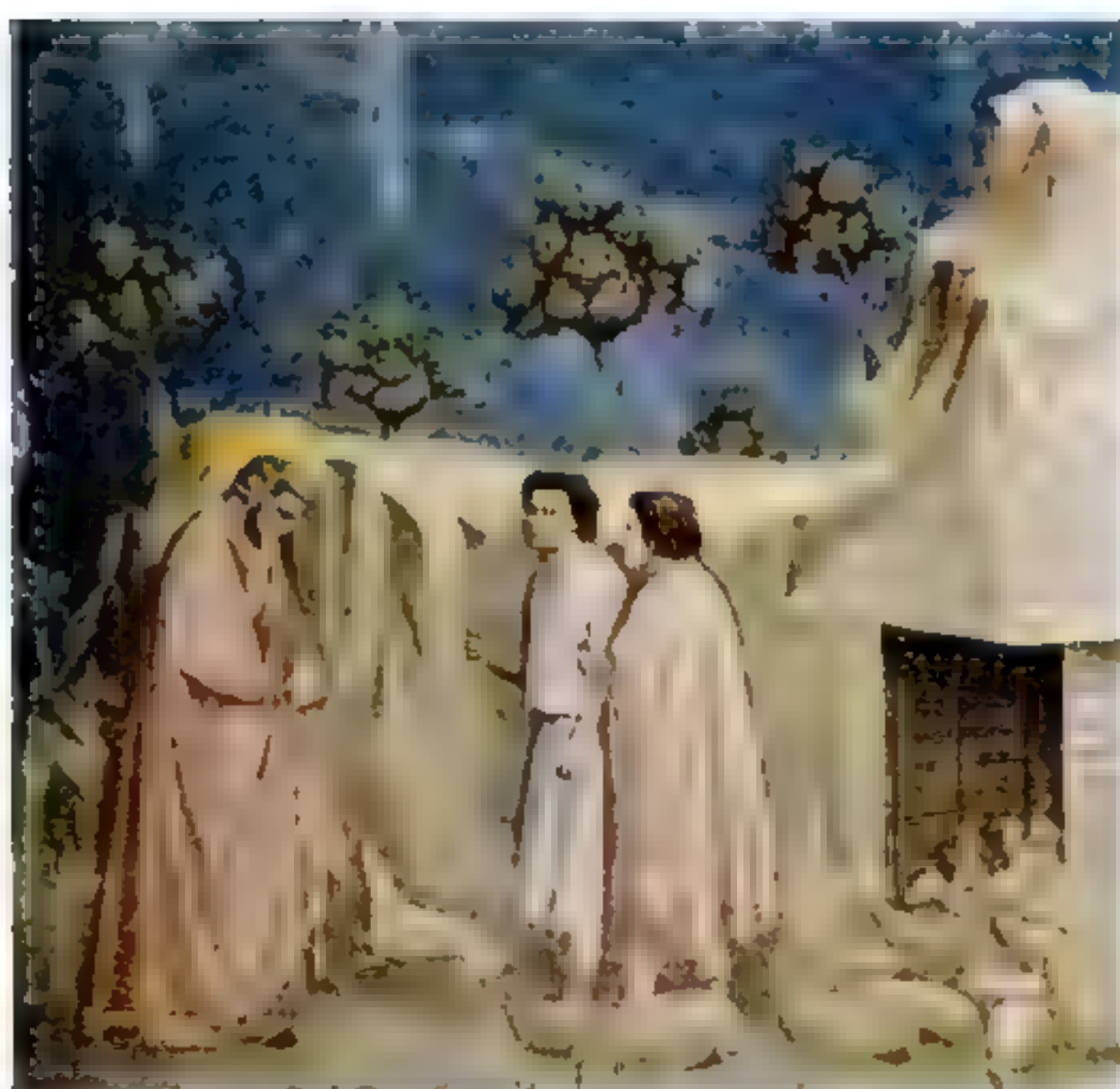
On these 23 pages, in photographs taken for *LIFE* by Fernand Bourges and Robert Kafka, *LIFE* presents for the first time in color virtually all the matchless paintings in which Giotto told the story that now, at Christmas, the world best remembers and retells.

OPPOSITE PAGE: GIOTTO'S ART COVERS CHAPEL WALLS



THE STORY BEGINS with this scene by Giotto taken from the books of the Apocrypha. An Israelite named Joachim (*above, right*) is pushed

from the temple because he has sired no children. The priest declares, "It is not lawful for thee to offer thy gifts first, forasmuch as thou hast gotten no seed in Israel."



THE WOEFUL JOACHIM is met by kindly shepherds and a friendly dog when he "betook himself into the wilderness . . . and fasted forty days and forty nights."



JOACHIM'S WIFE Anna kneels in prayer while her servant Judith spins on a porch outside her room. An angel appears to Anna, saying, "... Thou shalt conceive and bear."



IN THE WILDERNESS, weighed down with grief, Joachim kneels before a blazing altar on which he has laid a sacrifice to the Lord. An angel appears to him and

announces that his wife is to be blessed with a child. The shepherd at the far left looks up and beholds the hand of the Almighty reaching down from the heavens.



AS JOACHIM SLEEPS near his shepherd friends, an angel flies down and says, "The Lord God hath hearkened unto thy prayer." Whereupon Joachim returns home.



THE REUNION of Joachim and his wife takes place outside the city gates. They are awed by their good fortune because both of them were too old to expect children.



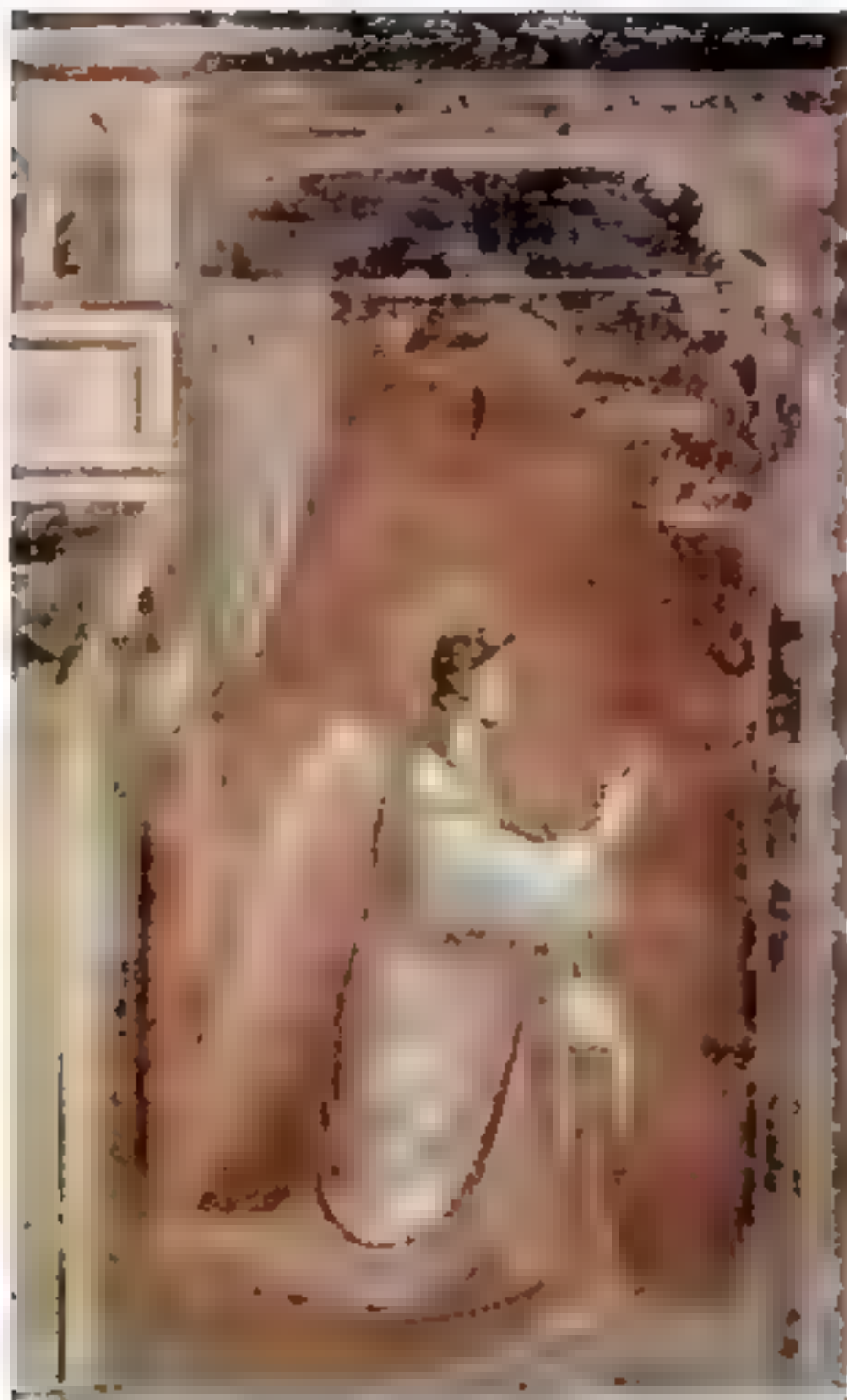


THE BIRTH OF MARY, Anna's child, was painted as three scenes in one picture (*above*). At left a neighbor brings a gift to Anna. On the floor a midwife holds Mary while above, Anna receives her newborn daughter.



MARY'S SUITORS, when she was 12, placed rods on the altar. After the priests and suitors had prayed, the rod of the elderly Joseph (*extreme left*) burst into bloom as a sign he was chosen to be Mary's husband.

← **M**ARY'S PRESENTATION in the temple took place when she was 3. Here, with the gravity of an adult, she walks up the steps to be blessed by the priests, while behind her is a servant carrying gifts which Mary herself will present at the altar.



ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION (*left*) comes to Mary, after her betrothal to Joseph, and says, "... Thou hast found favor with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son. ... He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest."

THEN SAID MARY (*below*) unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man? And the angel answered unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee. ... For with God nothing shall be impossible."



MARY VISITS HER COUSIN Elisabeth, bearing the child who will be John the Baptist. When Elisabeth greeted Mary, "the babe leaped in her womb; and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost: And she spake out ... Blessed art thou among women."



THE BIRTH OF CHRIST (*right*) is attended by a host of angels flying above the stable and a group of shepherds (*far right*), who went to Bethlehem so they could pay homage to the Saviour. Mary is placing the Child in the manger, while the good Joseph sleeps at her feet.









THE PRESENTATION of Christ in the temple comes earlier in Giotto's frescoes than it does in the Bible. Here the Holy Babe is held by Simeon while Joseph holds doves to be sacrificed. At right is the seer Anna who realized Christ's divinity.



THE MASSACRE of innocents was ordered by Herod, who feared he would be dethroned, according to an old prophecy, by some newborn Jewish leader. Therefore he decreed the slaying of all infants in Judea "from two years old and under."

←THREE KINGS FROM THE ORIENT BESTOW RICH GIFTS UPON THE INFANT CHRIST





THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, one of the most famous of all Giotto's sublime paintings, shows the Holy Family fleeing Judea after an angel had appeared to Joseph in a dream, and said: "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt." Thus Jesus would be saved from the massacre Herod had ordered. While a guardian angel hovers above, Joseph leads the little procession. Here Jesus appears as a happy child but Mary seems to be brooding on the life which lies ahead of the Infant.



WITH THE DOCTORS in the temple, Christ at the age of 12 is found by His parents (*left*), who

had feared Him lost. The boy Christ was discussing religious matters with the doctors and they "were astonished at His understanding..."



CHRIST'S BAPTISM is administered by John the Baptist, standing on the bank, while angels at



LAZARUS is raised from the dead by Christ while Martha and Mary kneel reverently at His feet. After the slab was re-

moved from the tomb Jesus cried, "Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes."



INTO JERUSALEM Christ rides on a humble ass followed by His disciples. Eager children strew his path with



the left are waiting to help Christ put on His robes. Overhead is a figure holding a book, representing the voice of Heaven.



AT THE WEDDING AT CANA Christ sits at left while the bridal couple sits in center next to Mary. When

He learned there was no wine, Christ told a servant to fill jugs with water. When a steward tasted the water, it had turned into wine.



palm branches, lay down their cloaks and climb trees for a glimpse of the Master, whose fame had spread far before Him



MONEY-CHANGERS, who did business in a holy place, were driven out by Christ who "... cast out all

them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers and the seats of them that sold doves."



BETRAYING CHRIST to the chief priests, Judas, with Satan lurking behind him, says, "What will you give me, and I will deliver Him unto you?" The priests give him 30 pieces of silver, which Judas clutches in a bag.



WASHING THE FEET of His 12 disciples, Christ kneels before Simon Peter, who says firmly, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." But Christ replies, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me."

AT THE LAST SUPPER Christ presides at the end of the table between Peter → and John, who rests his head on Christ's breast. "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish," says Christ, "The same shall betray me." Judas (*left*) dips his hand.









JUDAS' KISS, which sealed the betrayal of Christ, is given in the Garden of Gethsemane, where Roman soldiers come to capture Jesus. One soldier adds

to the tumult by blowing a horn. Peter in anger (*left*) draws a sword and cuts off the ear of the high priest's servant. On the opposite page is a detail from this scene.



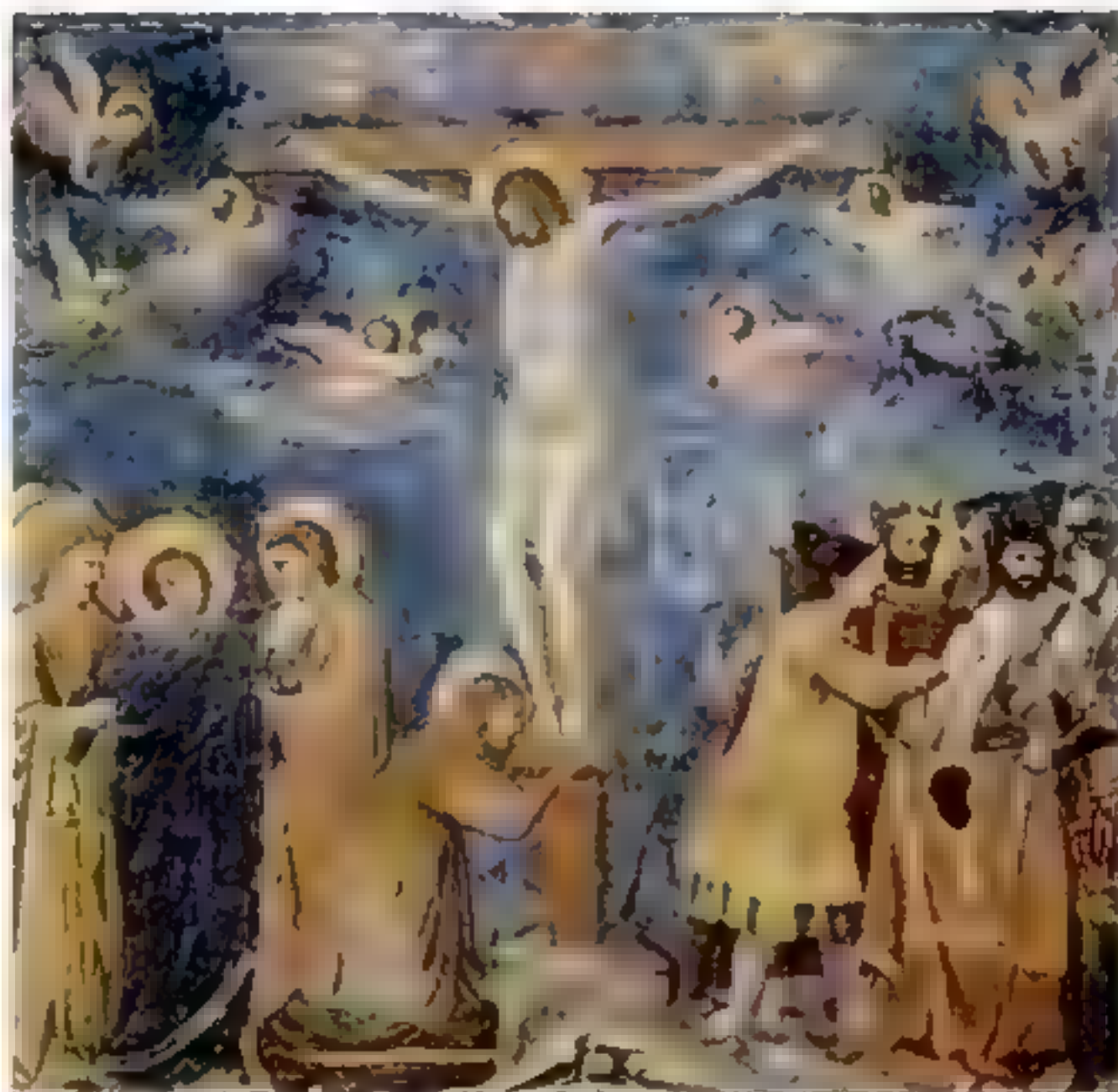
CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS, the priest, testifies to his divine origin. Whereupon Caiaphas says, "He hath spoken blasphemy," and rends his own clothes in anger.



CROWNED WITH THORNS after he has been sentenced to die, Christ is given a reed for a scepter while soldiers spit on him, pull his hair and kneel in mockery.



BEARING HIS CROSS, Christ goes forth "into a place called the place of a skull." He turns to the mourning women saying, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me."



AT THE CRUCIFIXION (detail on opposite page) Mary Magdalene weeps while John supports the Virgin and soldiers cast lots for Christ's clothes.



LAMENTING CHRIST'S DEATH, after He has been removed from the cross, Mary holds His head while others kiss His hands. In the center stands John,

most beloved of the disciples, and at right is Joseph of Arimathea with a cloth in which to wrap the body. Above is a cluster of angels, each of them painted in an attitude of sorrow.





AT CHRIST'S TOMB the guards have fallen asleep while two angels keep watch. Mary Magdalene has just beheld the risen Christ and reaches out to touch Him.



THE HOLY GHOST after the Ascension descends in rays of light upon the Apostles who have foregathered in a loggia, and they "began to speak with other tongues . . ."

AT THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST from the Mount of Olives the apostles shield their eyes from His radiance as He is miraculously carried up to Heaven. On each side above the 11 remaining apostles is a row of worshipping angels, and above them a group of saints and Church fathers. In the center is the Virgin Mary and two angels who tell the men of Galilee that Jesus Christ shall once more come among them.







GIOTTO "by whom dead painting was restored to life, to whose right hand all was possible"



GIOTTO OF FLORENCE

EVEN before he began his four years' work on the prodigious Arena Chapel murals which are shown on the preceding 23 pages, Giotto di Bondone was a great and famous man in Italy. He was acclaimed not only by princes and poets but also by the plain people who, without books or magazines or movies, relied on painters to tell them stories. To them Giotto was a fascinating storyteller, as understandable and interesting as an illustrator like Norman Rockwell is today. He was also a popular idol, as sought after by the squab-

bling cities of Italy as a baseball player like Joe Di Maggio would be if he were put up for trade today.

Yet of this famous man there is no authentic existing portrait. The one shown in the inset above is a supposed portrait painted into a fresco at Assisi by a follower of Giotto. If it is a portrait it is a flattering one, for Giotto was actually an awkward, conspicuously ugly man who looked more like a farmer than an artist. He was, in fact, a farmer's son, born near Florence in 1266. When he was about 10 years old, according to legend, he was sitting in a field tending his father's sheep and idly drawing with a sharp stone on a flat rock when a passing traveler stopped to look at the sketch. The traveler, who turned out to be Cimabue, one of the finest painters of his time, was so impressed that he took Giotto into his studio as an apprentice. There Giotto's talents developed spectacularly and became the subject of other legends. One day, the story goes, while walking through his studio Cimabue saw a fly on the picture Giotto was painting. He tried to brush it off, tried again when the fly failed to move, then realized that the fly was a brilliantly lifelike one that Giotto had painted. Giotto's amazing technical skill some years later won him a lucrative commission from the Pope, for whom he drew a perfect circle with one quick sweep of the brush, by this feat winning the commission from other painters who had submitted painstaking sketches.

Around 1296, when he was 30, Giotto painted the life of St. Francis for the Upper Church of St. Francis at Assisi and burst full-blown into fame. People packed into the church to look at the frescoes as crowds

today might into a movie house. They had never seen paintings so realistic and human as these, had never seen landscapes with such convincing perspective. Dante and Petrarch composed glowing phrases about Giotto. "Giotto was a man of such genius," wrote Boccaccio, "that nothing was ever created that he did not reproduce with the stile, the pen or the pencil so as not merely to imitate but to appear nature itself."

Giotto was in his time a highly unconventional painter. When he grew up art was a possession of the Church. Painters, deriving their style from the antiquated two-dimensional Byzantine paintings and mosaics, had been adorning church walls with unreal, rigidly formalized, flat-looking images. It was Giotto who cracked the traditions. The people he created—calm, thoughtful, silently tragic—are solid as carved stone. But they live and suffer, moved by believable emotion. From Giotto, who may be the greatest of all Western painters, bloomed the whole humanistic art of the Renaissance.

After his success at Assisi, Giotto was deluged with commissions to decorate churches, chapels, palaces. He worked in many places—Rome, Rimini, Naples, Padua, even France. He traveled with a swarm of assistants, pupils, his wife and a growing brood of children (eventually totaling eight) who, as ungainly as their father, were often seen romping around him as he worked. Like the Arena Chapel *Life of Christ*, which covers almost half an acre of wall space, most of his work was monumental. Much of it still remains but not all in such good condition as the Arena frescoes, which have undergone very little restoration.

A good businessman, Giotto was well paid, and city rulers competed furiously for his services. King Robert of Naples offered to make him First Citizen of the Realm if he would forsake Florence for Naples. But the rulers of Florence, who had become increasingly annoyed at the peregrinations of their star citizen, finally got Giotto back home in 1334, gave him the title of Chief Architect of the State and Master of the Cathedral Works and told him that he could not leave Florence without official permission. Except for one excursion to Milan to decorate the ruler's palace there, Giotto stayed in Florence for the rest of his life, spending his time in designing and building the cathedral bell tower, "Giotto's Tower" (below).

In 1337 at the age of 70, rich, respected, Giotto died. He was buried in the cathedral of Florence where, years later, Lorenzo the Magnificent ordered an epitaph inscribed. "Lo," says the epitaph, "I am he by whom dead painting was restored to life, to whose right hand all was possible, by whom art became one with nature. . . . For I am Giotto."



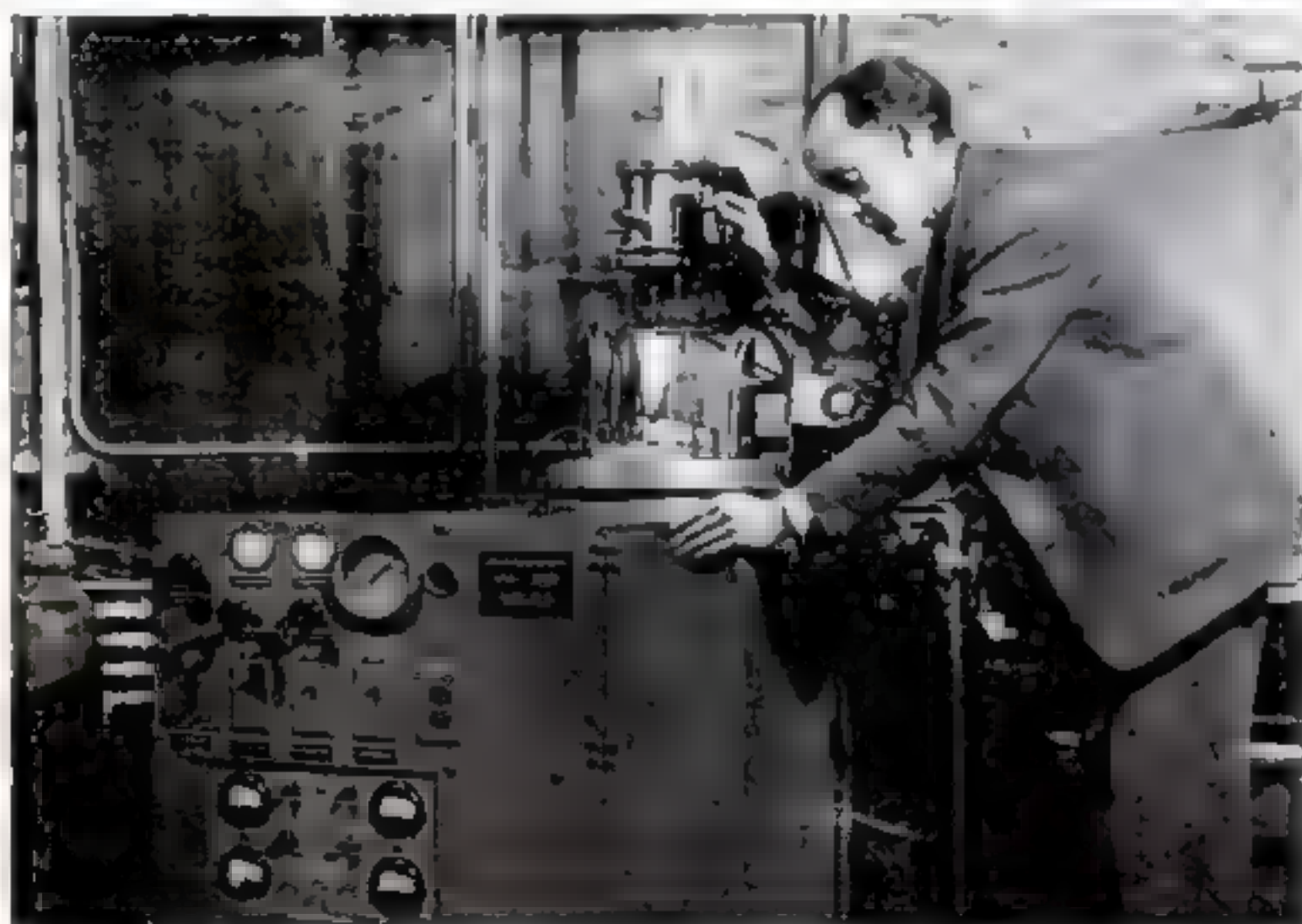
ARENA CHAPEL (above) was painted by Giotto in *Last Judgment* (opposite page). At bottom of cross Scrovegni, donor of the chapel, presents model of it to three holy women. Above cross, which divides Heaven from Hell, Jesus turns the damned away, beckons the blessed.



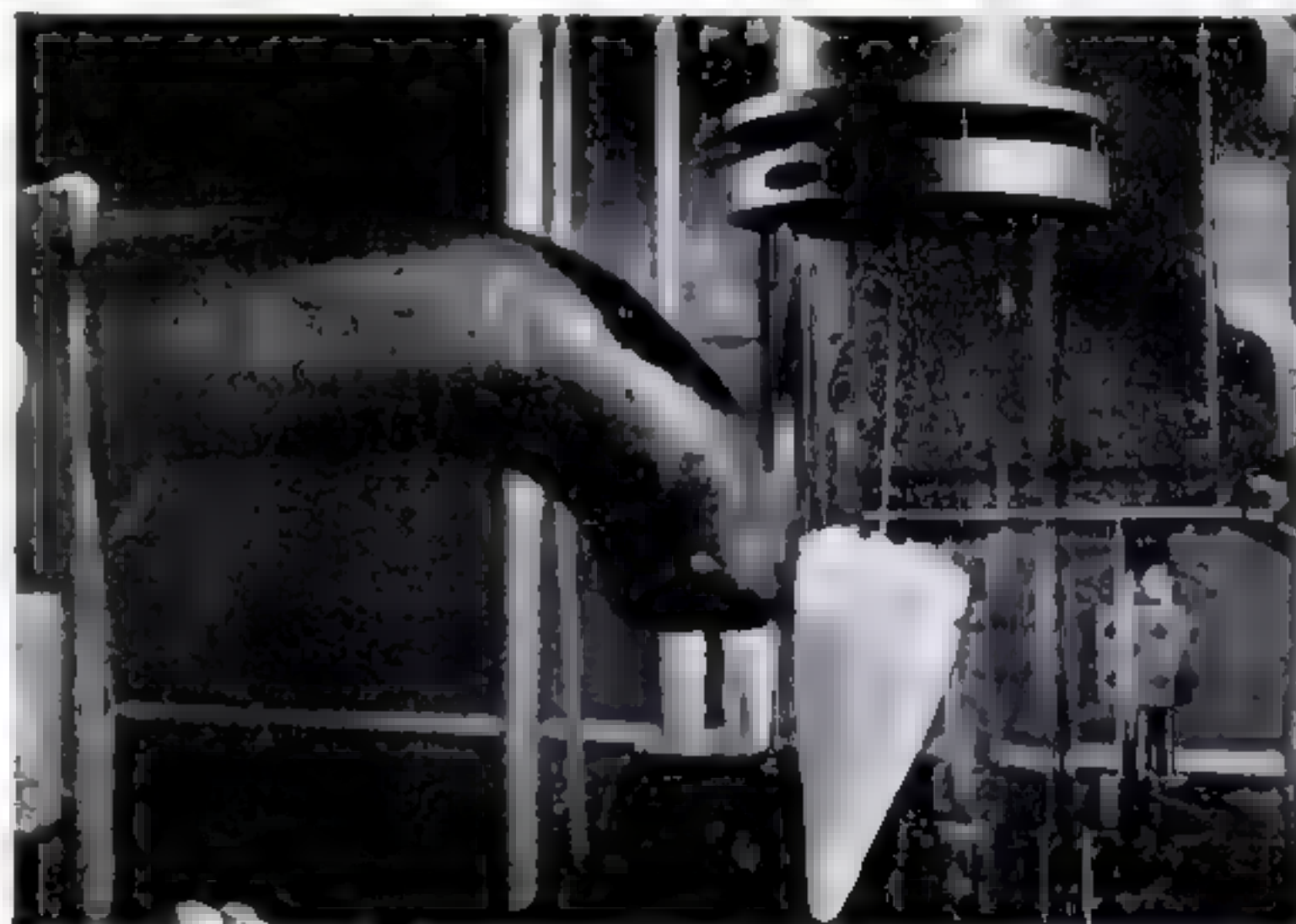
GIOTTO'S TOWER (left) at Florence cathedral was designed by Giotto as city architect. His work so pleased city rulers they awarded him 100 gold florins for "excellence and goodness." After Giotto died, other artists modified his plans so that only the first story is his.



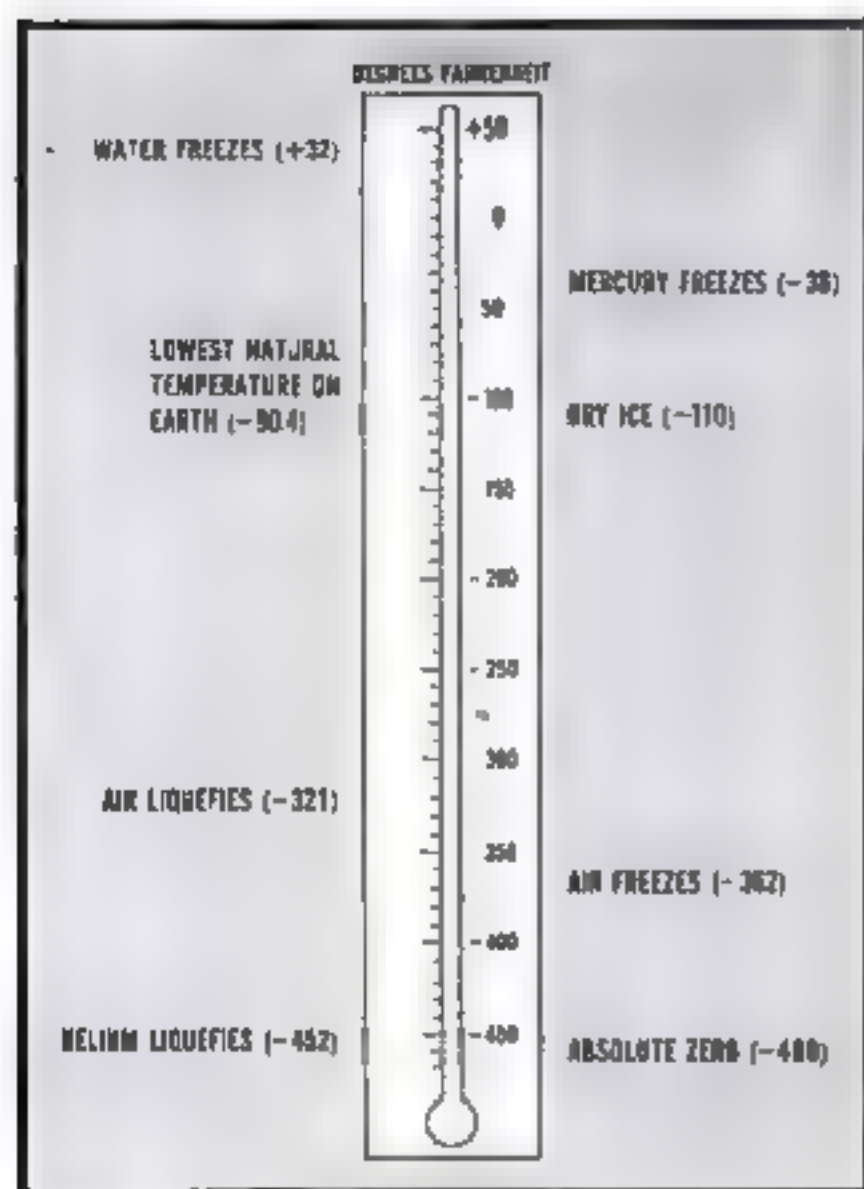
A SOFT RUBBER BALL, FROZEN HARD AND BRITTLE AS GLASS BY LIQUID HELIUM, SHATTERS TO JAGGED BITS IN A WHITE PUFF OF ICY VAPOR AS IT STRIKES FLOOR



THE CRYOSTAT is a compact, cabinet-enclosed instrument topped by airtight glass viewing chamber. Dr. H. O. McMahon of Arthur D. Little, Inc., co-developer of machine, examines a cone of frozen oxygen lifted by winch from the freezing compartment.



FROZEN OXYGEN, hanging by a cord inside the Cryostat viewing chamber, displays magnetic properties by moving to glass wall when a heavy permanent magnet is placed outside. In its normal gaseous form, oxygen shows little evidence of magnetic attraction



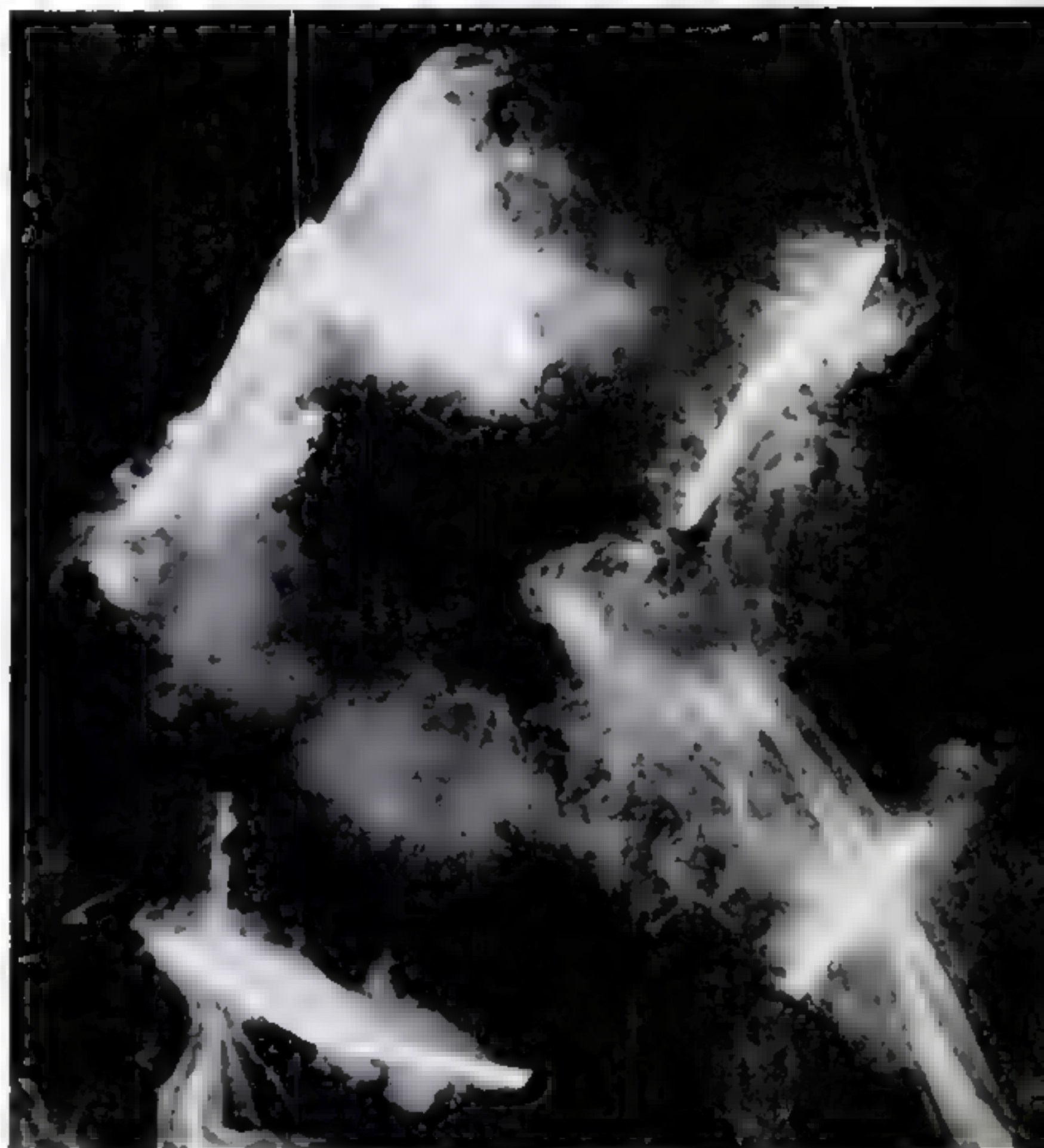
ABSOLUTE ZERO ON THE FAHRENHEIT SCALE

ABSOLUTE ZERO

Elements behave in strange ways when all their heat is removed and they approach state of ultimate cold

The lowest temperature that can exist in the universe is absolute zero—460° below zero Fahrenheit. In this ultimate cold all matter would be completely heatless and the motion of its molecules would be literally frozen. Most scientists doubt that this theoretical limit will ever quite be achieved by man-made instruments, but a new push-button machine, invented by M.I.T. Engineer S. C. Collins, comes within 4° F. of attaining it. At this unearthly temperature molecular motion is slowed down, if not completely halted, and matter behaves in strange and abnormal ways. Mercury freezes stiff enough to be tied in knots, and lead, normally a poor conductor, carries electricity better than a copper high-tension line. Oxygen freezes into a solid and becomes magnetic but helium liquefies and becomes superfluid, in which state it mysteriously goes against gravity and creeps over the walls of its container. Rubber, steel and other unusually tough substances become as brittle as glass.

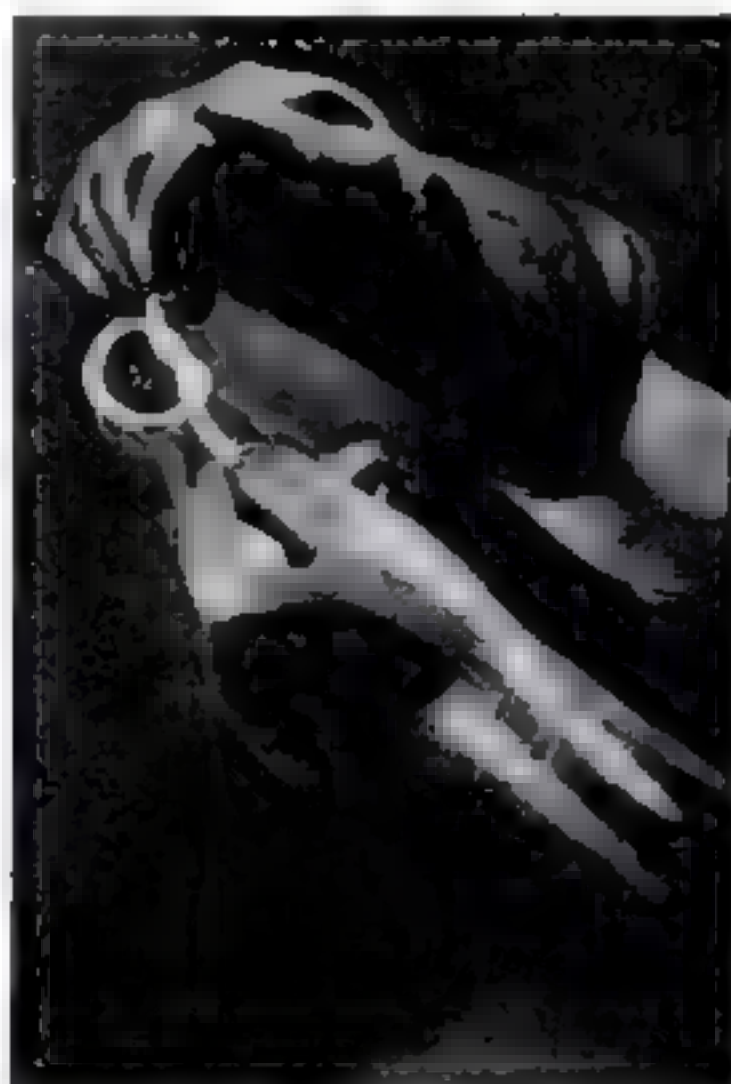
The new machine, called the Collins Helium Cryostat, is being used by the Shell Development Company to test catalysts for cracking oil. The Tennessee Valley Authority is using one of the instruments to study the energy states of phosphate and nitrogen compounds with a view to producing more effective fertilizers. But in research centers such as the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory the Cryostat, through its ability to slow down molecular motion, will probably prove most valuable in studying the structure and properties of all matter.



STEEL, ordinarily a strong and resilient substance, becomes brittle at temperatures near absolute zero. In top picture a normal steel plate is barely dented by the impact of a rifle bullet. But a cold-treated plate (*above*) is smashed to pieces by a similar bullet.



LEAD, one of the poorest conductors, normally blocks flow of current when placed in an electrical circuit between two batteries and a light bulb (*left*). But chilled in a flask of liquid helium (*right*), the rod of lead strips becomes conductive, permits bulb to glow.



MERCURY, a metal which remains liquid at normal temperatures, becomes solid but pliable as most of its heat is removed.



HELIUM at low temperatures liquefies and defies gravity by climbing over side of test tube and dripping from base of tube.



CAT SPAT

Just before the picture above was taken the polite little cat at the left, named Charley Chan, had won the "most intelligent" prize in a New York cat show. The other cat, named Jet, had been declared "handsomest cat." When they were brought

together Photographer Nat Fein snapped Jet's reaction. Fein, who has worked for the New York *Herald Tribune* for 18 years, specializes in animals. Recently he was honored with a one-man show of his best animal pictures at a New York museum.



Scottie's*
are softies!

* another tissue by ~~Scottie's~~ that's "soft as old linen"



LIKE A SAUCY GOBLIN AT HER SHOULDER, RAY BOLGER DANCES ABOVE ALLYN McLERIE, WHO PLAYS HIS PRETTY ENGLISH SWEETHEART IN "WHERE'S CHARLEY?"



RAY BOLGER'S LIMBER-LEGGED COURTSHIP DANCE, WHICH LOOKS LIKE THE MATING DANCE OF A WHOOPING CRANE, IS A HIGH MOMENT OF "WHERE'S CHARLEY?"

SHOW STOPPERS

CURRENT BROADWAY HITS PROVIDE SCENES WHICH GET AUDIENCES SO EXCITED THEY WON'T LET THE PLAY GO ON

There are moments in the theater which are like moments nowhere else. There is the instant of hushed excitement when the house lights dim and the audience waits to behold a new world created for it on the stage. There is the moment of stunned silence after a tragic scene, moments of delight in a comic scene when laughter ricochets through the theater, moments of warm welcome when some familiar actor walks onto the stage. But the most electrifying of all theater moments comes when, suddenly, at a dance or a song or a speech, the audience breaks out into a salvo of applause that literally stops the show. The spectators, no longer simply pleased, passive observers, demand encores, refuse to let the show go on until they are satisfied. They briefly are intoxicated by their power, and the actors are happily at their mercy.

Every season produces its crop of show stoppers. They may occur in unexpected places in a play, come in the middle of a mediocre show or unpredictably at one performance but not another. On these pages LIFE presents four of this season's show stoppers, all in current Broadway hits. It will present more of them as they occur in the future.

A surefire Broadway show stopper now is Ray Bolger's dance to *Once in Love with Amy*, which he does in *Where's Charley?* (LIFE, Nov. 8). At the end of this solo the applause is so insistent that the show can continue only after Bolger retires from exhaustion. Above are 30 photographs taken by Philippe Halsman which illustrate Bolger's glee, pride, rapture and grasshopper ebullience as he expresses his adoration for Amy, the girl on the opposite page.



TALLULAH SULKILY INTERRUPTS A LOVE SCENE WITH DONALD COOK TO UNSNARL HER HAIR

TALLULAH'S TANTRUMS

THEY ARE ALL FOR LOVE IN BANKHEAD'S REVIVAL OF "PRIVATE LIVES"

The show stopper in the current revival of Noel Coward's *Private Lives* takes place on a sofa where a divorced husband and wife cavort like a pair of porpoises in a frenzy which is alternately angry and amorous. As Amanda, the worldly ex-wife, Tallulah Bankhead creates such a glamorous hullabaloo that the audience, applauding and screaming with laughter, completely holds up the performance. Tallulah and Donald Cook, who plays Elyot, the former husband, sometimes are compelled to improvise stage business until the audience permits them to go on.

The fight occurs in a Paris flat where Amanda and Elyot have taken refuge together after each of them has unsuccessfully tried a second marriage. They realize they are still in love and despite their epic bickering are meant for each other. The galvanic Bankhead, shedding her dignity as a grand lady of the theater, combines highly polished acting with outrageous clowning. Her sophisticated roughhouse, illustrated in four scenes at the right, has for grown-ups the same basic appeal that children find in the squealing and whacking of a Punch and Judy show.



THE SHOW-STOPPING SCENE from *Private Lives* begins (above) when Elyot stalks away from the sofa. Although he and the glamorous Amanda have been divorced for five years, they sedulously accuse each other of having



PASSION reaches a height of nonchalance when Tallulah puffs a cigaret during an ardent embrace with her ex-husband who observes, "You really can be more irritating than anyone in the world."





had all hers in the meantime. She king her leg at him furiously. Amanda says, 'I'm sick and tired of listening to you, you damn selfish belly.' Insults lead to kisses (here right), which in turn lead to a wrestling match. As both



parties roll on the sofa (here left). Elvot shouts, 'You're a vile tempered, loose living wicked little beast, and I never want to see you again so long as I live.' Then as they topple together onto the floor Amanda announces, 'This is

the end . . . finally and forever.' The course of true love though roughly run leads Amanda and Elvot to realize that they are so completely gone on each other that they must get married again, and live happily forever after.





LOVERS IN THE RAIN, danced by Kathryn Lee and Bill Callahan, provides the most sparkling moment in the

musical comedy, *As the Girls Go*. They are really getting wet in a studio storm brewed by Photographer Gjon Mili.

DANCE AND SONG

NOT SURPRISINGLY, THEY ARE BOTH CONCERNED WITH LOVE

Two musical hits which represent opposite poles on Broadway are *As the Girls Go*, a rather old-fashioned affair full of gags and girls, and *Love Life*, an interestingly fresh attempt to combine vaudeville with a history of marriage in America. Both are blessed with show stoppers. In *As the Girls Go* the show is stopped by Kathryn Lee and Bill Callahan, who dance together while involved in some pleasantly trivial ditty called *Lucky in the Rain*. Kathryn, who is from Texas, has danced before in several ballet troupes, and Bill, who is a rising Broadway star, also studies law at Fordham University. In their dancing they display a fresh, youthful, exhilaration that stimulates audiences like a glass of champagne.

In *Love Life*, along with the singing and dancing of Nanette Fabray (LIFE, Oct. 25), there is an unexpected show stopper in the form of a droll Negro quartet who sing a song called *Economics* (right). In case there is a slump in the singing business, at least one of the quartet—James Young—has another trade. He works in a barbershop every day, gives haircuts to members of the *Love Life* cast.

ECONOMICS

From *Love Life* comes this song implying that too much business produces too little love. It is sung by (left to right) William Veasey, James Young, John Diggs (foreground) and Joseph James.

Man and woman you got to admire,
They conquered cold and they conquered fire.
They stuck together through thick and thin,
Through lots of good and lots of sin.

But there's one thing that beats 'em,
That they just can't subdue,
One thing that defeats 'em,
And splits 'em up in two.
And that love-defying thing
About which we're gonna sing
Is economics.

Now Cora had a husband makin' seven a day,
She left him for a guy who made eleven a day.
Now that's good economics;
That's good economics,
But awful bad for love!

Now Sarah and her husband they were doin' okay,
For Sarah had an ev'nin' job and he worked all day.
Now that's good economics;
That's good economics,
But awful bad for love!

Economics are rough on love!
Economics are tough on love!
You got a little money;
You got a little honey.
Money go,
Honey go!

Now Edna used to slip her husband's pay
down her chest,
And just to keep it extra safe she never undressed.
Now that's good economics;
Now that's good economics,
But it's awfully bad for love!

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SINGS "THOU SWELL"

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YOU'LL LOVE

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JUDY GARLAND

HITS A NEW HIGH

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LENA HORNE

SHE'S TERRIFIC

WITH "THE LADY IS A TRAMP"

GENE KELLY

HIS "SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE"

IS SENSATIONAL!

MICKEY ROONEY

MARVELOUS ALL THE WAY

FROM "MANHATTAN" TO HOLLYWOOD!

ANN SOTHERN

* SINGS "WHERE'S THAT RAINBOW"

... AND IT'S IN YOUR HEART!

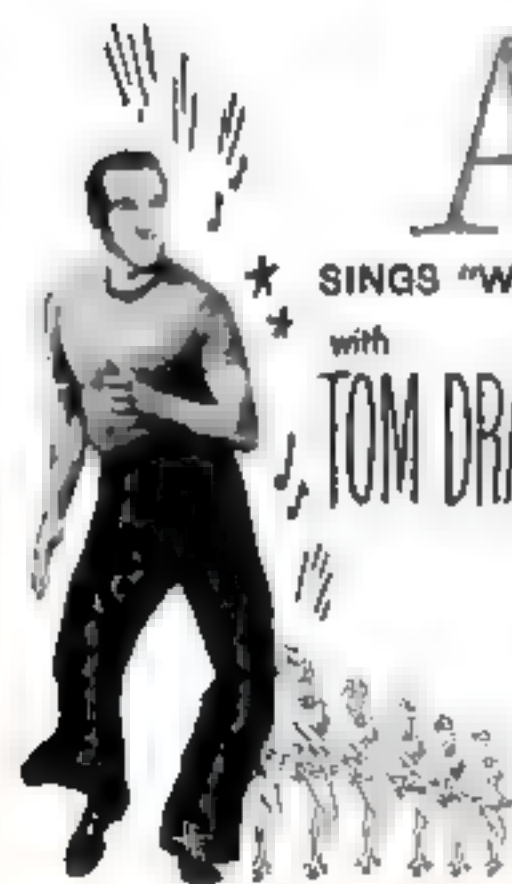
with TOM DRAKE · CYD CHARISSE · BETTY GARRETT · JANET LEIGH · MARSHALL THOMPSON · MEL TORME · VERA-ELLEN

Based on the Lives and Music of RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

Screen Play by FRED FINKLEHOFF • Story by GUY BOLTON and JEAN HOLLOWAY • Adaptation by BEN FEINER, Jr.

Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON Directed by NORMAN TAUROG Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





1 One day Little Sal went with her mother to Blueberry Hill to pick berries. Little Sal brought along her small tin pail, and her mother brought along her large tin pail to put the berries in. "We will take our blueberries home and can them," said Little Sal's mother. "Then we will have food for the winter."

BLUEBERRIES FOR SAL

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

In *Blueberries for Sal* (Viking Press, \$2) Robert McCloskey's small daughter is the heroine, their Maine farm the setting. An earlier book, *Make Way for Ducklings*, won McCloskey the annual Caldecott Medal "for the most distinguished American picture book for children." As a Christmas present to younger readers, LIFE retells here Robert McCloskey's newest story.



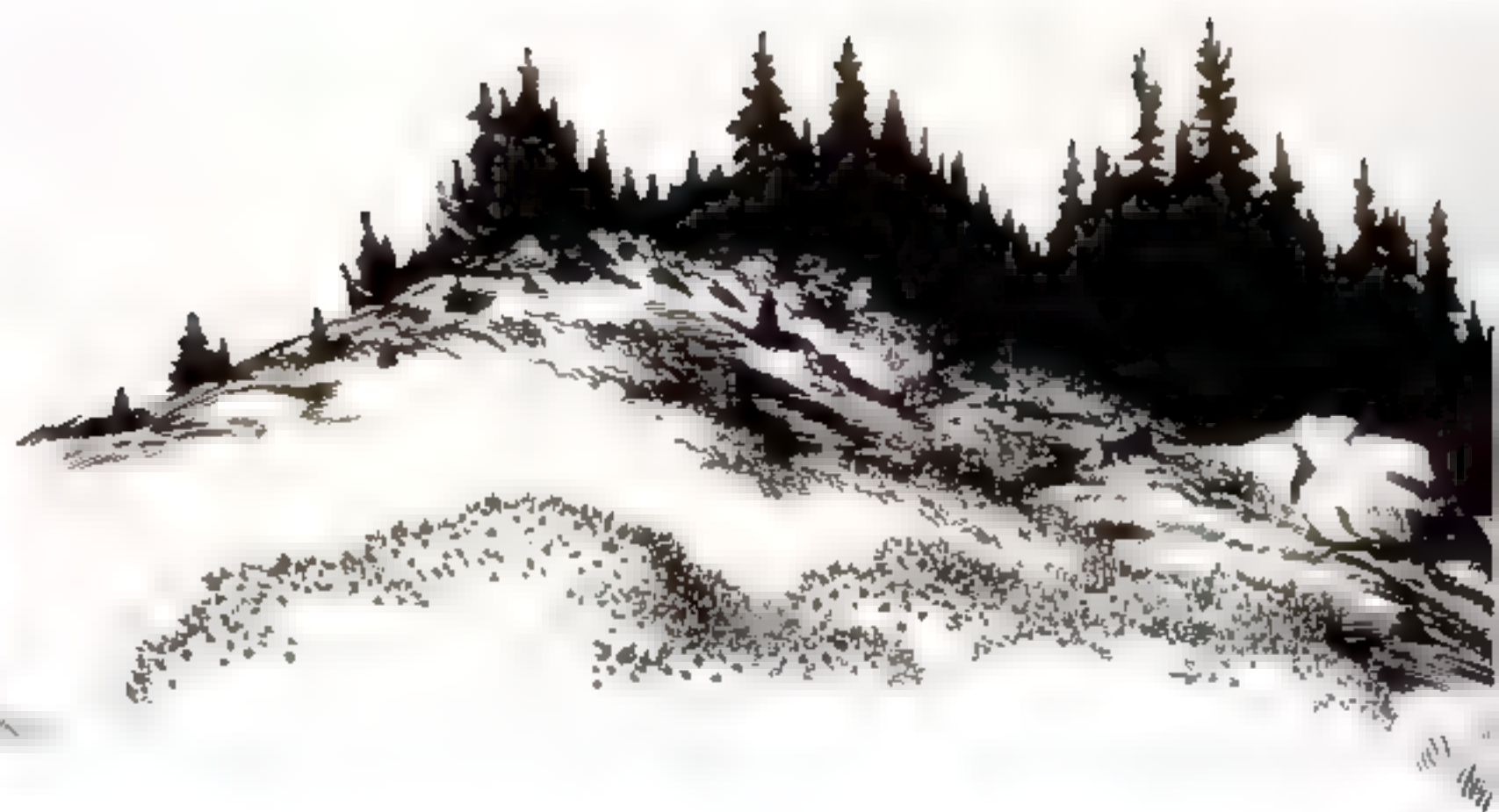
2 Little Sal picked three berries and dropped them in her little tin pail . . . *kuplunk, kuplunk, kuplunk!* She picked three more and ate them. Her mother walked through the bushes, picking blueberries and putting them in her pail. Little Sal struggled along behind, picking berries and eating every one.



3 Little Sal dropped a blueberry in her mother's pail. It didn't sound *kuplunk* because the bottom was covered with berries. She reached down to get her berry back. Though she didn't mean to, she pulled out a big handful because there were so many berries close to the one she had put in.



4 Little Sal's mother stopped picking and said, "Now, Sal, you run along and pick your own berries. Mother wants to take her berries home." Her mother went back to her picking, but Little Sal, because her feet were tired of walking, sat down in the middle of a large clump of bushes and ate blueberries.



5 On the other side of the hill Little Bear followed behind his mother as she walked slowly through the bushes eating berries. Little Bear stopped now and then to eat berries. So he had to hustle along to catch up! Then, because his feet were tired of hustling, he sat down in a clump of bushes and ate berries.

6 Over on her side of the hill Little Sal ate all of the blueberries she could reach from where she was sitting. Her mother had moved on ahead, so Little Sal started out to find her. Then Little Sal heard a noise from around a rock and she thought to herself, "That is surely my mother and I will go that way."



8 By this time Little Bear had eaten all the berries he could reach without moving. He heard a noise and he thought to himself, "That is surely my mother! I will hustle that way!" But it was Little Sal's mother instead! She was walking along picking blueberries. Little Bear hustled right along behind.

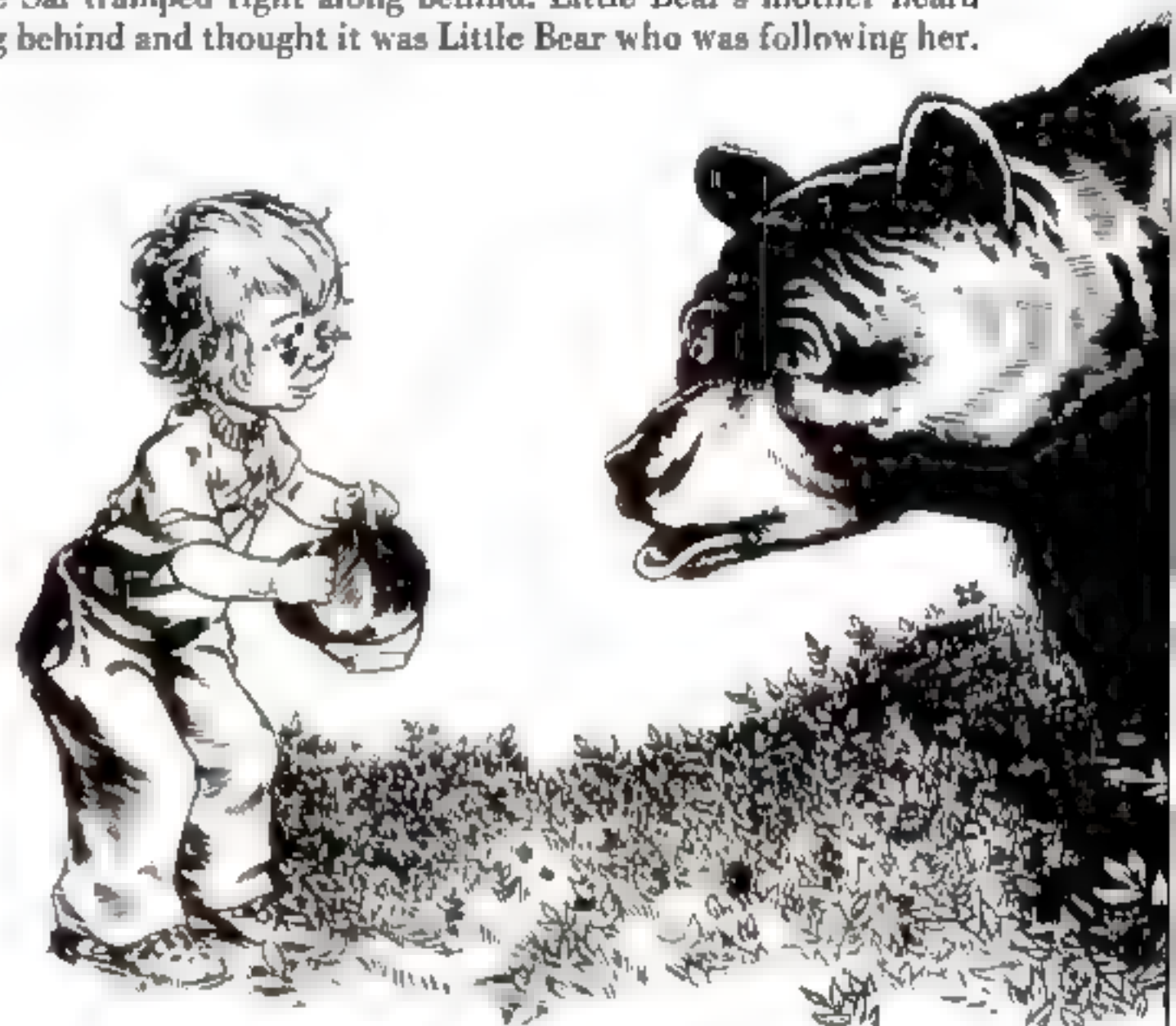


12 Little Bear's mother heard a hustling sound that stopped now and then to munch and swallow. She knew just what made that kind of a noise. So Little Bear and his mother went down one side of the hill, eating all the way, and Little Sal and her mother went down the other side, picking all the way.

11 Little Bear, who was following Little Sal's mother, peeked into her pail and tasted a Tremendous Mouthful. Little Sal's mother turned around. "You are not my Little Sal! Where is my child?" She turned to look for Little Sal, then she heard a *kuplunk!* She knew just what made that kind of a noise!



7 But it was Little Bear's mother instead. She was tramping along up the hill, eating blueberries from the bushes and thinking about storing up food for the winter. Little Sal tramped right along behind. Little Bear's mother heard Sal walking along behind and thought it was Little Bear who was following her.

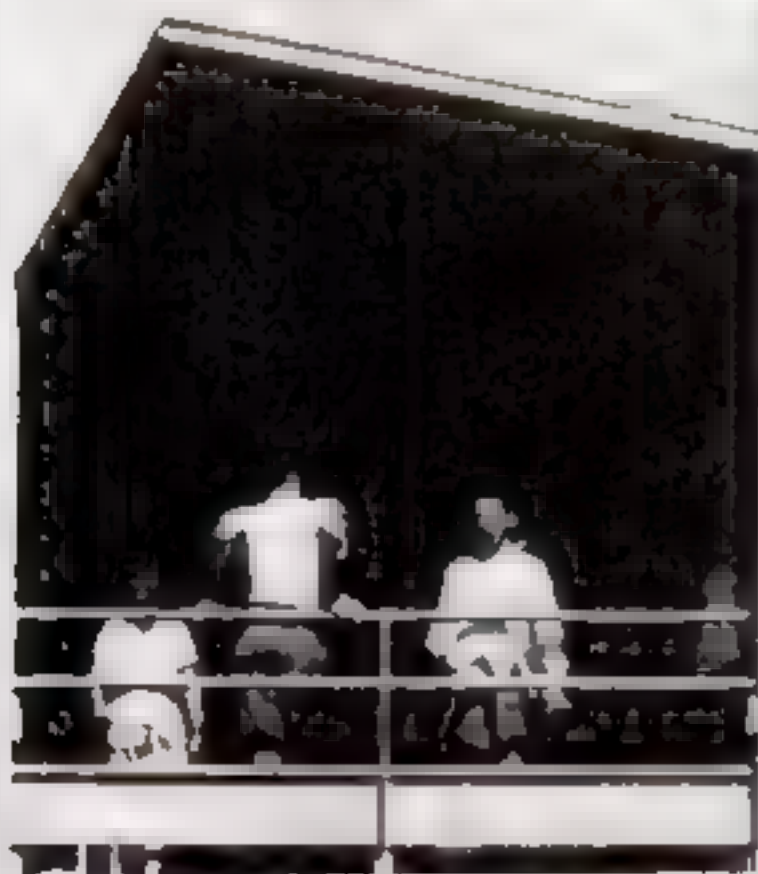


9 Little Bear and Little Sal's mother and Little Sal and Little Bear's mother were all mixed up among the blueberries on the hill. Little Bear's mother said, "Little Bear, eat all you can possibly hold!" Little Sal said nothing. She picked three berries and dropped them *kuplunk, kuplunk, kuplunk* in her pail.

10 Little Bear's mother quickly turned around to see what on earth could make a noise like *kuplunk*! "*Garumpf!*" said Little Bear's mother, choking on a mouthful of berries. "This is not my child! Where is Little Bear?" Then she turned and walked off very fast through the bushes to hunt for Little Bear.



13 Little Sal and Little Sal's mother came home together from their visit to Blueberry Hill bringing with them food to can for the next winter—a pail of blueberries, and three more blueberries besides. Little Bear and Little Bear's mother were happy too. They were full of food stored up for next winter.



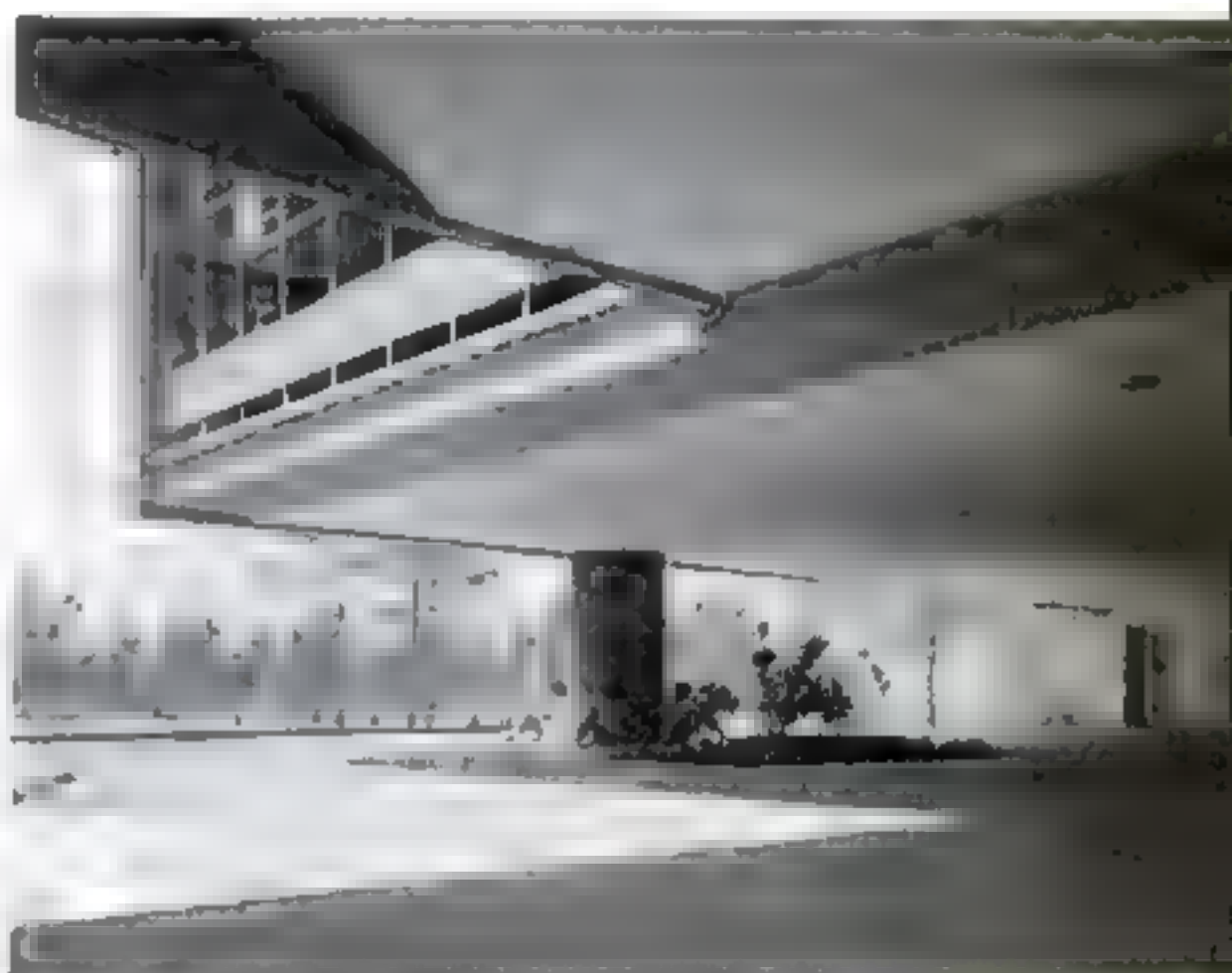
Modern College

Miami's new buildings set new campus style

The structure shown here may be the beginning of a revolution in U.S. campus architecture, which traditionally has looked to the past for inspiration. The first building to be completed for the University of Miami's new 245-acre campus, it originally was to have been in "picturesque" Spanish Colonial style. But university officials, with a limited budget and aware of Florida's need to exploit every breeze and to minimize sun glare, presently decided that functional modern architecture was the only solution. The result is a narrow, 600-foot-long, reinforced concrete structure with airy outside galleries, containing 47 classrooms, a lecture hall and a reading room. When the rest of the buildings designed by Architects Robert Law Weed and Marion I. Manley are finished, Miami will have not only the first completely modern U.S. campus but will also have one of the handsomest.



OPEN GALLERIES instead of inside halls give access to the classrooms and shade them from the sun.



OUTDOOR LOUNGE, formed by a cantilevered overhang, is a pleasantly shady place for relaxation.



← **OPEN STAIR WELL**, plain concrete walls give end of building the appearance of an abstract painting.

BREEZE TRAPS, created by vertical fins on the northeast facade, direct the prevailing breezes inside.



"A FACE LIKE CAESAR'S," wrote a reporter after seeing De Sabata. Others likened the face to an angel's.

to a devil's. Here the conductor still looks intense as he greets well wishers in his dressing room after the concert.



FRIENDLY SALUTE is given De Sabata by the Pittsburgh Symphony's musical adviser Dr. Vladimir Baka-

leinikoff as audience stands and cheers. Bakaleinikoff, a retired musician, played his viola again under De Sabata.



DE SABATA GRIMACES THROUGH SOME GAY MUSIC

GREAT CONDUCTOR

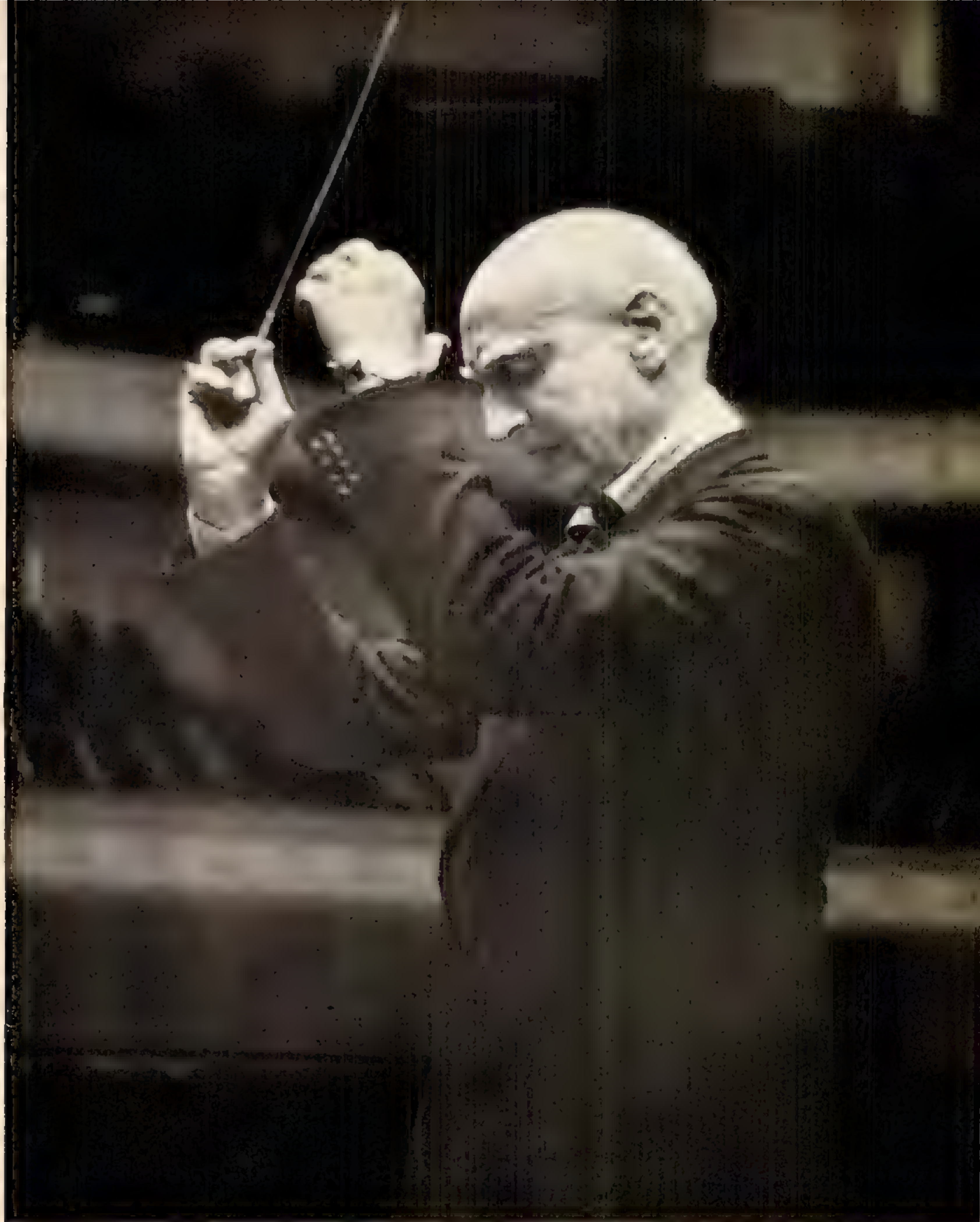
Italy's De Sabata stirs Pittsburgh to loud huzzahs and heart attacks

Sometimes the lithe, bald-headed figure pranced on the podium like a traditional Italian harlequin (above). Sometimes it lurched toward the Pittsburgh Symphony's musicians in a contorted fury. The orchestra, half-mesmerized by the conductor, found itself driven into a ferocity of playing that literally jarred the teeth out of its patrons' mouths. (One woman nearly strangled on her false teeth in her excitement. A second suffered a heart attack and said she enjoyed it.) When the concert ended the audience rose and shouted for 20 minutes. Pittsburgh's press raved on its front pages. New York's critics chimed in and hailed a "foremost virtuoso conductor," a master of "controlled violence." The new conductor was the most exciting thing to hit the U.S. symphony scene since Toscanini.

His name is Victor de Sabata and the acclaim in Pittsburgh, though new to the U.S., is an old story in Europe. There, for 21 years, De Sabata, who is 56, has been director of Italy's famous La Scala opera. During his four weeks in Pittsburgh, his only U.S. appearances this season, he proved such a big box-office draw that he has already been signed to guest-conduct most major U.S. orchestras next fall.



INVITATION to return is written in sugar on cake at party given for the maestro. De Sabata accepted the bid.



VICTOR DE SABATA, a vein standing out on his bald head, concentrates fiercely as he directs the orchestra. Like Toscanini, he conducts from memory. He frequently a-

monishes the musicians to "sing, sing, sing" calls them "mosquitoes" when they play weakly. He would rather have his two children "thieves and murderers than musicians."



DICKENS AT HOME loved to read aloud to members of his family. Here the novelist sits in garden at his Gad's Hill mansion, reading Carlyle's *The French Revolution* to his

two daughters—Marianne (Mary) and Kate (standing). This portrait was painted by F. A. (a stray from a photograph made in 1860) when Dickens was at the very height of his fame.

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER Charles Dickens

THE DESTITUTE ENGLISH BOY WHO BECAME THE MOST FAMOUS NOVELIST
OF HIS CENTURY SITS FOR A PORTRAIT BY HIS GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER

by MONICA DICKENS

I WAS sitting in my London garden the other day, when the heads of a pair of Sunday cyclists skimmed along the front hedge.

"That's the house where Charles Dickens was born," confided the boy, quite untruly.

"Go on!" said the girl. "Does he live there now?"

That would make him 136! As wild a question as that once asked me by a lady who wanted to know if Charles Dickens ever dandled me on his knee, which would make me about 70-odd.

The Christmas season always produces a sort of "Dickens revival," but recently there has been a general renewal of interest in his works. More and more people are reading them, either because of the dearth of good modern novels or because those grand films, *Great Expectations*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist*, have made them realize that these stories are something more than the dated, suspect "classics," which they were made to read too young at school and have never opened since.

It's impossible to read his books without feeling an interest in the man himself; because he is his books. He lived not only by them but in them and for them. His characters were as real to him as his own family and friends. He once said about his writing, and I'm sure it's true, "I don't invent it, I really do not . . . but see it and write it down."

Reading his books, you always get the feeling of Dickens at the other end of the pen, quite close. At any particularly apt or exuberant phrase you can imagine him bouncing delightedly on his chair, enjoying himself muttering into that beard, "Yes . . . yes . . . that's it—that's good!"

Dickens' great fame came to him when he was still quite young. He was a national monument in his own lifetime. Plenty of authors have crept to fame, or achieved it in maturity or after death, but Dickens rocketed to universal popularity before he was 30. He was only 25 when he finished *The Pickwick Papers* and 37 when, at the peak of his genius, he began *David Copperfield*, his best book.

Most of his books first appeared in paper-bound monthly installments, which is perhaps one reason for their immediate, widespread acclaim. They were available to everybody, as magazines are today. He did not write them completely and then divide them up; he unraveled them from month to month, often with the printer's boy hovering at the door to snatch them away before the ink was dry. And as fast as he wrote them they were pounced upon with joy. Everyone was talking about them, living for them from month to month.

Even in the States a steam packet carrying the latest installment of *The Old Curiosity Shop* was greeted by yells from the New York quay: "Is Little Nell dead yet?"

His appeal was universal, from the highest to the lowest in the land. Cottagers read *A Christmas Carol* aloud by their evening candle and kept it on a special shelf along with the Bible. Lord Denman, the Lord Chief Justice of England, used to study *Pickwick* surreptitiously under the bench when the court got too long-winded.

His public loved him when he made them laugh, but they loved him even more, those sentimental Victorians, when he made them cry. The fifth number of *Dombey and Son*, in which he killed off Little Paul at great length, bathed the country in a flood of delectable tears. The famous actor Macready went straight round to see Dickens but said afterwards, "I could not speak to him for sobs." The novelist Thackeray marched into the office of *Punch*, threw a copy of the fifth number of *Dombey* on the table before



MONICA DICKENS

Like her great-grandfather, Author Monica Dickens has based most of her writing on firsthand observation. To gather material for her first novel, *One Pair of Hands*, published in 1939, Miss Dickens abandoned London society to hire out as a cook. She later served as a nurse and war worker, and got books out of both of those occupations. Now 33, tall, slender, blond and unmarried, Miss Dickens lives in Bayswater with her father and married sister. She does all the cooking, most of the shopping and writes about six hours a day. She recently interrupted her routine to visit America and deliver this article on Charles Dickens to LIFE.

Mark Lemon, the editor, and cried, "There's no writing against this, one hasn't an atom of a chance; it's stupendous." The great Thackeray, who was a contemporary and friendly rival of Dickens, knew himself beaten when even his own children, who "read Dickens 10 times for every once they peruse the dismal preachments of their father," begged him to try and write a story "like one of Mr. Dickens' books."

Dickens himself was profoundly touched by what he wrote. That is why he touched all his readers. When he killed Paul Dombey, he wandered desolate and sad all night about the streets. He was heartbroken over *The*

Old Curiosity Shop, mourning Little Nell like his own daughter, and when he had finished championing the exploited underdog in *The Chimes*, he said, "I have had a good cry. I am worn to death."

He was a man easily swayed by his emotions, whether to tears or laughter, generous affection or bitter wrath at some injustice. Everything he did, he did full tilt, with a boisterous energy that wore him to his death at the age of only 58. He must have been a wonderfully exciting—though possibly a tiring—person to meet. Years after his death Dickens would come remarkably alive in the stray anecdotes that sometimes emerged after dinner from the depths of my grandfather's armchair.

I remember Grandfather telling us once how, when he and his family were playing a memory game of repeating a long string of words to which each person added one more, his father suddenly came out with "Warren's Blacking, 30, Strand." His strange look and tone haunted my grandfather though he did not know why, for Charles Dickens had never spoken, even to his wife, of the nightmare years he spent as a small boy in the blacking factory. We know all about it now, for it's told in *David Copperfield*, a book which is largely autobiographical. Everyone knows him as a man who made his way from nothing, but not everyone knows that the blacking factory and the debtors' prison and the pawnshop were not the whole tale of his early days.

The agony of the blacking factory

HE was born into a respectable, prosperous, *petit bourgeois* family. His grandmother was housekeeper to Lord John Crewe, whose children knew and loved her as an "inimitable storyteller," an expression to be applied so often later to a grandson. His father, John Dickens, was a clerk in a navy pay-office, first at Portsmouth, where the eldest son Charles was born, then at Chatham, where Charles started at a good school. But John Dickens was extravagant, his debts mounted, a train of misfortunes dogged the family, and when Charles was 12 his father was dragged off to the debtors' prison, and the small boy embarked on the life of poverty and hunger which is told in *David Copperfield*.

This is what he felt about it: "No words can express the secret agony of my soul . . . as I felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that day by day, what I had learned and thought and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more, cannot be written."

He never forgot it. Even after he was a famous and honored man, he



A DICKENS CHRISTMAS still means a jolly, old-fashioned family gathering like Mr. Fezziwig's ball in *A Christmas Carol*. Drawing was made by John Leech in 1843.



AN ORPHAN'S PLIGHT was never better described than in *Oliver Twist*. This picture of "Oliver asking for more" was made by Cruikshank for the original publication.

DICKENS CONTINUED

could not pass his old way home from the factory where the shoe dye was made without crying, and sometimes the remembrance would come back again in dreams and he would wake in a sweating agony of the old shame and despair.

His father, of course, appeared later as Mr. Micawber. His mother was immortalized as Mrs. Nickleby, even down to her school for young ladies, to which no young lady ever came or, indeed, was ever expected to come. When she took the youngest children to live in the prison with their father, Charles was sent to board with a formidable lady who, had she known it, was sitting for her portrait as Mrs. Pipchin in *Dombey and Son*. The small Charles must have had a memory and observation acute beyond his years, for in his writing scenes and people often appear stored up from early childhood. The convict hulks, for instance, which set the macabre atmosphere of the beginning of *Great Expectations*, had haunted his imagination since he saw them near his home at Chatham, when he cannot have been more than about 9.

A short while later something did "turn up" for Mr. Micawber-Dickens. A surprise legacy got him out of prison, and his eldest son got some belated schooling at a second-rate academy in the Hampstead Road, where the boys trained the white mice in their desks better than the masters trained the boys. Charles got something out of it, however, for the headmaster, Mr. Jones, appeared later in *David Copperfield* as the brutal Mr. Creakle. When he was 15, Charles started his training as a solicitor's clerk.

Those were his beginnings. Not very auspicious ones, but I don't think it would have mattered *how* he was brought up; the light of his genius would have broken through any obscurity. His gifts would have found expression somehow. He might have been an actor. He did try when he was a very young man, haunting theater galleries, practising at home and even getting an audition at Covent Garden. One can imagine his despair when on the fateful day he developed an appalling cold. His face swelled up like a balloon and he couldn't appear.

He gets his first by-line

HE must have been heartbroken, but we can be glad now for the audition might have been successful. He might have been absorbed into the theater world and never written a word. Given the chance, he would almost certainly have been a fine actor. His emotions were very near the surface, he had all the artistic qualities, the imagination, vivacity and compelling personal charm. And if he had been, who would now remember him? Our generation would know of him only as a dimly romantic, ranting "actor of the old school," with nothing to show that he ever really existed. So you might pin down that inflammatory cold as being a turning point in his life. Fate meant him to write books and puffed up his face to ensure that he did it.

Fate certainly did not mean him to remain a solicitor's clerk. He got himself a job as parliamentary reporter for the *True Sun* and later the *Morning Chronicle*, having taught himself a speedy if unorthodox method of shorthand. He taught it later to my grandfather, delivering at him for practice parodies of the bombastic speeches he had reported in his youth, which made my grandfather laugh so much he could hardly get a word down.

The year of one's majority is a landmark in any life. In Charles's life, it was perhaps the biggest, for it was when he was 21 that his name first appeared in print. He wrote a short sketch called *A Dinner at Poplar Walk* and dropped it one evening into a dark letter box in a dark office in a dark court in Fleet Street. A few weeks later he bought the *Old Monthly Magazine* and—there it was! He says: "I walked down to Westminster Hall and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street and were not fit to be seen there."

The *Old Monthly Magazine* commissioned more articles, which were among those published later as *Sketches by Boz*, the pen name he used for several years. In 1835, another fateful year, he was asked to write the text for a series of comic sporting drawings by the artist Robert Seymour.

The chief character was a long, thin, dismal-looking man. Charles Dickens, however, had other ideas. He wanted to write about an old man from Richmond, "a fat old beau, who would wear, in spite of the ladies' protests, drab tights and black gaiters." So, typically, although he had only been engaged to describe an artist's illustrations, he soon had an artist illustrating his descriptions. And that was the birth of *Pickwick*.

After the second number Seymour committed suicide. Among the applicants to succeed him was Thackeray, who had not yet discovered that his muse wished him to take up the pen rather than the pencil. He was turned down as not good enough. The eventful choice was Hablôt Browne, who later became famous as "Phiz," the illustrator of many of Dickens' novels.

Pickwick hung fire at first. Something had to be done to make it sell. In the fifth number Dickens introduced Sam Weller, and from then on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



"I was curious..."



"I tasted it..."



Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

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Everything tastes better with

Petri Wine



The perfection you find in Petri Wine is the result of a skill which has been handed down, from father to son, for *three generations*. Try Petri Wine tonight!

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PETRI WINE CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

CRYSTAL AND SILVER BY GUMP'S SAN FRANCISCO



DICKENS' DREAM HOUSE was this mansion at Gad's Hill, where he moved his family in later life and where he ultimately died. Some of his books were written here.

DICKENS CONTINUED

The Pickwick Papers never looked back. Nor did Charles Dickens. The reading public took him to their hearts and never dropped him. He could do nothing wrong.

He started *Oliver Twist* then and was writing both books at once. However, he found time to marry Catherine Hogarth, the daughter of a colleague on the *Morning Chronicle*.

There has been plenty of criticism of Dickens' married life, which ended in a separation in 1858. A lot of mud has been raked, and all of the blame has been laid on the husband. But whatever he did, it doesn't affect his books, and I don't believe he did do anything except be completely incompatible with his wife. No one has ever yet proved that there was anything more than friendship between him and the beautiful young London actress Ellen Ternan.

Perhaps he did treat his wife shabbily, but you can't altogether blame him, for Kate as a wife was painfully inadequate. She had little domestic common sense, and compared to her brilliant husband she was dull and stupid. He went everywhere and met everyone worth knowing. He was splendidly convivial, adored parties and gay people, but Kate never wanted to go, and if he did persuade her to she was dumb in a corner, with her hair coming down. Not at all the right wife for the most popular young man in England.

True, he can't have been easy to live with. He was selfish and demanding and much too boisterous for poor Kate, who seldom felt up to the mark as she was always expecting, or recovering from, the birth of a baby. He could be moody and unreliable, but the man was a genius, don't forget. You couldn't expect him to be a model husband as well.

They were very happy at first. His letters to Kate are full of doting references to herself and "the darling babes." They had 10 children altogether, although one died in infancy. Dickens called the boys after famous men. My grandfather, the sixth son, was christened Henry Fielding. His father had meant to call him Oliver Goldsmith but feared, apparently, that the poor boy might be tormented by jokes about "Oliver asking for more."

He must have been a wonderfully exciting father to have. He told glorious stories, invented fantastic games, organized plays and gave parties on the smallest excuse. Wherever he was, he would hurry home from the ends of the earth to be with his family at Christmas, his favorite time of the year. A "Dickens Christmas" has come to mean the traditional scene of snow and yule logs and feasting and peace on earth, but it also meant the enormous family parties into which he threw himself with more energy than the liveliest child, and which he describes in a letter to a friend:

"Such dinings, such dancings, such conjurings, such blind-man's buffings, such theater-goings, such kissings-out of old years and kissings-in of new ones, never took place in these parts before. I broke out like a madman."

In these happy years he was a fine, healthy-looking young man, with a beaming eye, a



A DICKENS OUTING finds the novelist with his sister-in-law Georgina Hogarth and his two daughters preparing for a drive from his Gad's Hill place in a phaeton.

taste for extravagant cravats and fancy waistcoats and a mane of chestnut hair worn rather too long, although no trace as yet of whisker. When he was 30 he grew a mustache, to the disgust of his friend John Forster, who had just commissioned a portrait of him. "The fancy will pass," he sighed. "We will wait until the hideous disfigurement is removed." But the fancy did not pass and the hideous disfigurement developed into the beard with which we are familiar.

It was about this time that the popularity of *The Old Curiosity Shop* in the States brought him enthusiastic invitations to pay a visit to America. Washington Irving would not rest until he met him, and when they did meet in New York they made an instant and lasting friendship and sat up all night talking their heads off over an enormous bowl of mint julep.

The end of an unhappy marriage

KATE had not wanted to go to America. She wept whenever it was mentioned, but he persuaded her to go in the end, and they had a terrific reception. His first impression, like that of many after him, was of the beauty of American women. Of his other impressions—well, it's all there in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and I don't wonder that Americans censured him for his poor return for their hospitality. He loved and admired the people, but he hardly remembered to say that. He was too fascinated by the somewhat primitive habits of the young republic. In the *American Notes* he describes in great detail how, in the train, gobbets of spittle kept flying past his window from the carriage in front, and how in Harrisburg, Pa. a member of the Senate blew his nose with his fingers onto the carpet.

He made no bones about his horror at the slavery in the South and he got himself into trouble over his virulence on the question of international copyright. His novels had been pirated in the States, and he attacked the inadequate copyright laws without restraint or tact, even inserting tirades into his guest-of-honor speeches at polite dinners.

It was not malice on his part so much as overenthusiasm. He was campaigning for reform of the copyright laws with the same zeal as he campaigned against the ragged schools in *Nicholas Nickleby* and the corrupt and heartless Poor Law in *Oliver Twist*.

Back in England and writing *David Copperfield* in 1848, he was now at the top of his writing form. His popularity and his public affairs were soaring, but his private life was going downhill to disaster. When he makes David Copperfield complain of "the vague, unhappy loss or want of something" with his child-wife, Dora, Dickens is reflecting his growing dissatisfaction with his Kate. Unlike David, he did not have a second chance. But would he have wanted a second wife like the plaster saint Agnes he gave David? He would not have found one anyway, for Agnes, like the other Dickens heroines who represented his curiously inhuman ideal woman, is completely unreal and never could have existed.



THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE included Dickens' wife Catherine (left) and one of the beautiful Ternan sisters of London stage.

By the time he wrote *Little Dorritt* in 1857 his imagination was not flowing so easily. Was this because of his increasing troubles at home or was it the new difficulty with his work that caused him to make increasing trouble at home? The latter, I think, for his work came first always. If it was going well, so was his life. If it was worrying him, his private life suffered. Seeking as always the practical, definite solution he arranged a legal separation in 1858. He could not adapt himself to make a working compromise of the unsatisfactory relationship between himself and Kate. When human contacts failed him he had no stoical resources, no inner "city of the mind," which was curious in such a religious man.

With all his faults of impatient egotism, he was a Christian man, kind and generous always. I like the story of his trying to review a book by Thomas Hood and finding it "rather poor, but I have not said so, as he is too, and ill besides."

He would never draw any of his friends unkindly in a book. He was horrified when, after the ninth installment of *David Copperfield*, the original of Miss Mowcher wrote in great distress to say that she recognized herself as the invalid and could not bear it. He had meant to make it an unpleasant character, but he promptly altered all her scenes in the book to ensure that if Miss Mowcher still recognized herself, it was with pleasure. He also put that old bore, the good Jew Riah, into *Our Mutual Friend* because a Jewish lady had complained about the criminal Jew Fagin in *Oliver Twist*.

It has been said that he was hard on his sons in sending them away from home at an early age. But he honestly thought he was doing the best for them in giving them the chance to make an independent life unshadowed by their father's laurels.

My grandfather stayed at home, studying law at Cambridge and he has told how when he won a scholarship, his father dissolved in tears of pride, wringing his hand and exclaiming again and again, "God bless you, my boy, God bless you!"

My grandfather adored him. He was alone with him a lot toward the end of Dickens' life, and he has said that his father taught him more than he learned in all the rest of his life.

These last years were spent at Gad's Hill, the house near Chatham in Kent, which was the most beloved of all Dickens' homes. Most of us have a dream house for which we plan and work all our lives. Dickens' dream house was Gad's Hill. He had seen it as a child and fixed his eye on it through all the years of work and worry and feuds with his publishers and the endless pestilence of begging letter writers and borrowers which helped to break his health and leave him a surprisingly small income from such a vast output of best-sellers.

He told of his dreams in a sketch in which a traveler gives a lift to a "very queer small boy," who begs to be allowed to stop and look at a house on top of a hill.

"You like that house?" asks the traveler.

"Bless you, Sir," said the very queer small boy, "when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. . . . And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me: 'If you were to be very persevering and were to work very hard, you might some day come to live in it.' Though that's impossible!" said the very queer small boy, drawing a long breath and now staring at the house out of the window with all his might.

A new house and a new housekeeper

WHEN the impossible came true, Dickens spent all he could afford on it. His favorite spot was the Swiss chalet in the garden, where he did most of his writing, and was working on *Edwin Drood* when he died. He described it as "up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company."

Another feature of Gad's Hill was the false library door, which was painted with books to continue the lines on the shelves round the walls. The titles he invented for them are typical examples of Dickensian hu-

mor: "King Henry Eighth's Evidences of Christianity," "History of a Short Chancery Suit in twenty one volumes," "Noah's Arkitecture." A little strained to us now, perhaps, but how would our family jokes stand up to being reprinted a hundred years hence?

Now that his wife had gone, Dickens was looked after by her sister, Georgina Hogarth, sometimes mistakenly assumed by critics to have been more than a sister-in-law or housekeeper. He needed looking after by now, for he was far from well although he drove himself as if he were a fit man. When he went to America on his successful reading tour in 1867, he suffered all the time from laryngitis and the effects of a slight stroke he had had some years before, which had affected his left foot and later the whole of his left side, and heart and eyesight as well. But he traveled all over the States, reciting long chunks of his books from memory. One of the most popular was *A Christmas Carol*. My grandfather, who was with him on this tour, copied him later, and always recited the *Carol* to us every Christmas. And now my father carries on the tradition by doing the same every year for his grandchildren.

America had forgiven him for his indiscretions of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes*, and his reception this time was tremendous.

With his love of word-coining, he called it "enthoozymoozy." No film star, even with all the ballyhoo that wasn't invented in Dickens' day, has ever had a more triumphal progress. It did him no good, however. Like many Englishmen since him, he loved the Americans, but they nearly killed him. His sleep and appetite deserted him. By the end he had to be fortified with egg-nogs before and during every interval of the readings.

Because he wrote a lot about good food and drink (remember the delicious meals in *Pickwick*?), he has been taken for a gourmand himself. Actually he was most moderate. He was unflaggingly convivial, always the center of any party, but his natural high spirits were enough to work him up to the boisterous excitement that sent guests home exhausted. There is no evidence of his ever having been the worse for drink. On the contrary he campaigned against the excessive drinking of his day, which he called the "national horror." Unlike most prohibitionists, he had the good sense to realize that the remedy lay not in abolishing the squalid gin palaces, but in removing the causes—the terrible, unsanitary conditions of slums and factories that drove the victims of the industrial revolution to a search for illusory joy. However much or little it achieved, his campaign against gin did one thing for posterity. It gave us Sarah Camp.

Back in England, in 1870, he gave what his doctors said must be his last public reading. Knowing it was a farewell, the crowd were beside themselves to show their beloved Mr. Dickens what they thought of him. "He was greatly touched that night," my grandfather said, "but infinitely sad and broken."

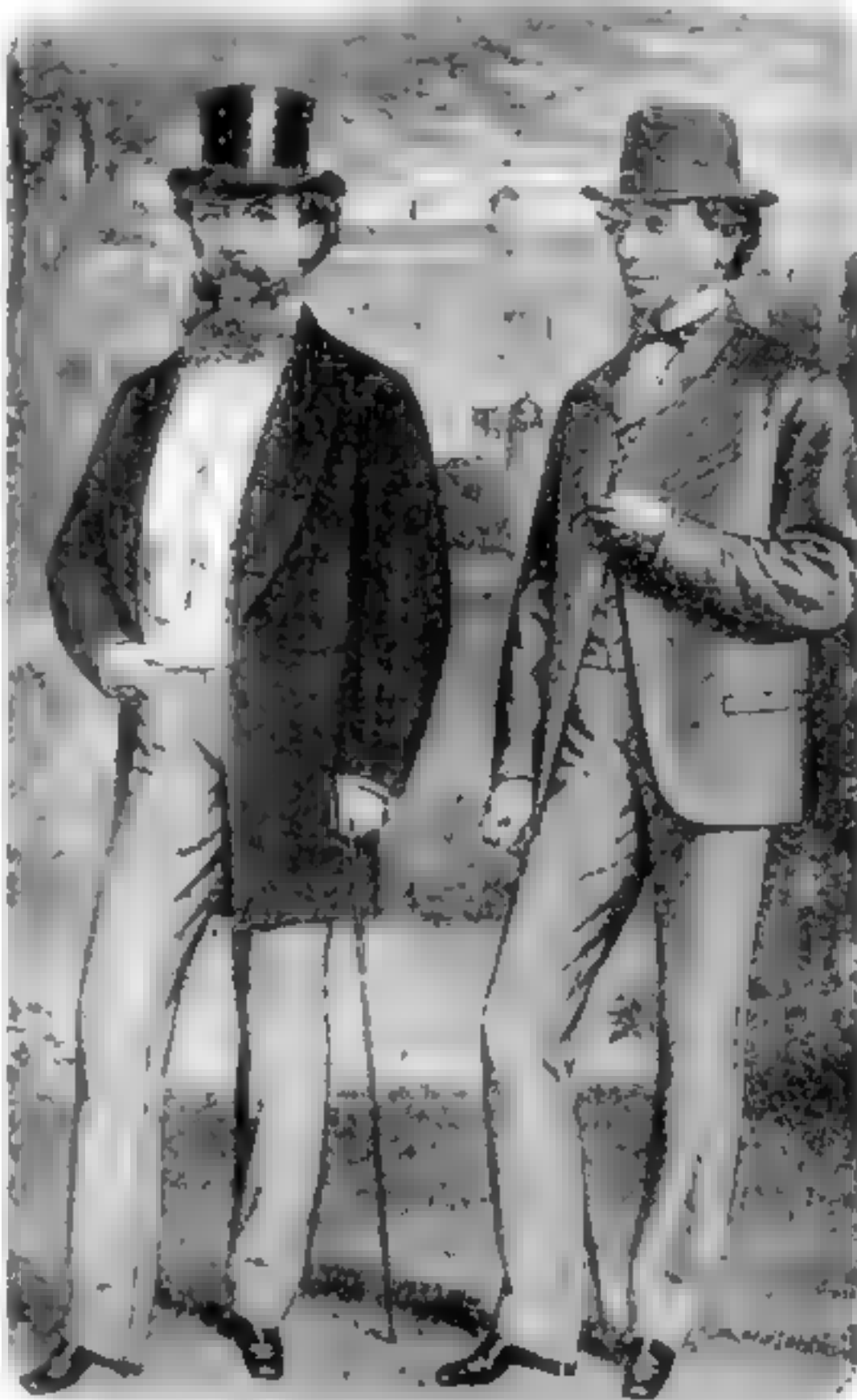
He went on driving himself. He would not husband his strength except for the sake of

doing more work. He started *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which was never to be solved. Many people since have sought to write the ending that Dickens intended, but he left few clues, and some say that he had not worked out the end himself, knowing in his heart that it would never be finished.

Many years before he died he had written: "I always felt of myself that I must, please God, die in harness." He had his wish. One evening in June 1870 he came from his chalet in the garden to the dinner table, where Miss Hogarth soon noticed with alarm "a singular expression of trouble and pain in his face. . . ." He made various disconnected remarks and got up, Georgina's help alone preventing him from falling to the floor. Her effort was to get him onto the sofa, but after a slight struggle he sank heavily on his side. He was unconscious all night and on June 9 he died, four months beyond his 58th year.

The world mourned his death. In America, Bret Harte wrote the poem *Dickens in Camp*, which ends:

"And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel leaves entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine."



DICKENS AND DISRAELI were pictured by London magazine as representing the masculine ideal of fashionable dress.

*"I hope you will give
full consideration
to my words.
I have not always been wrong."*

...WINSTON CHURCHILL



Beginning with the February 7th issue, LIFE will present the second volume of Winston Churchill's War Memoirs, "Their Finest Hour".

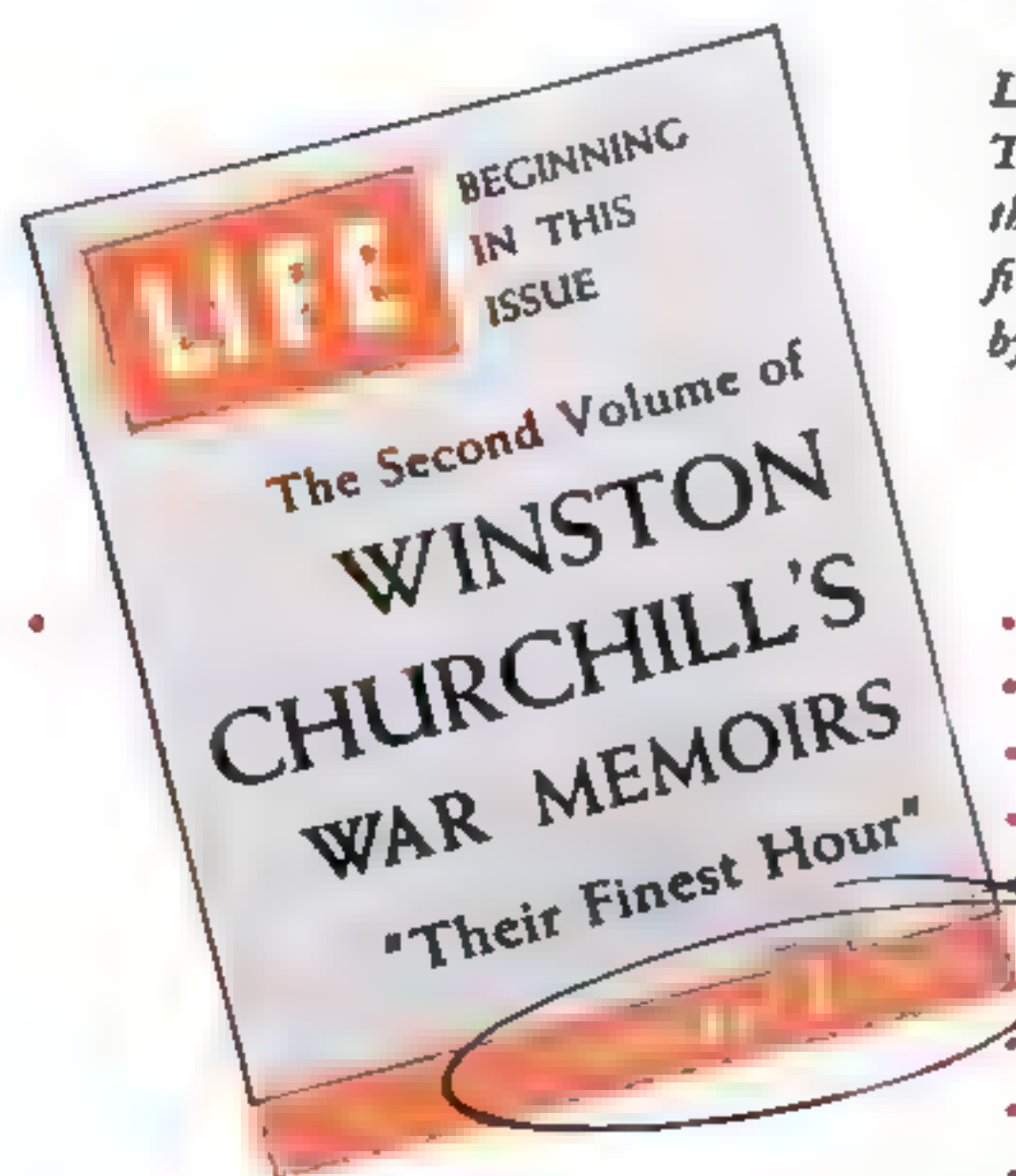
In seven consecutive installments, Mr. Churchill will re-create, with his characteristic candor and eloquence, the tumultuous pattern of events of World War II which cheered and dismayed a world then in jeopardy ... the fall of France ... the deliverance from Dunkirk ... the heroic Battle of Britain ...

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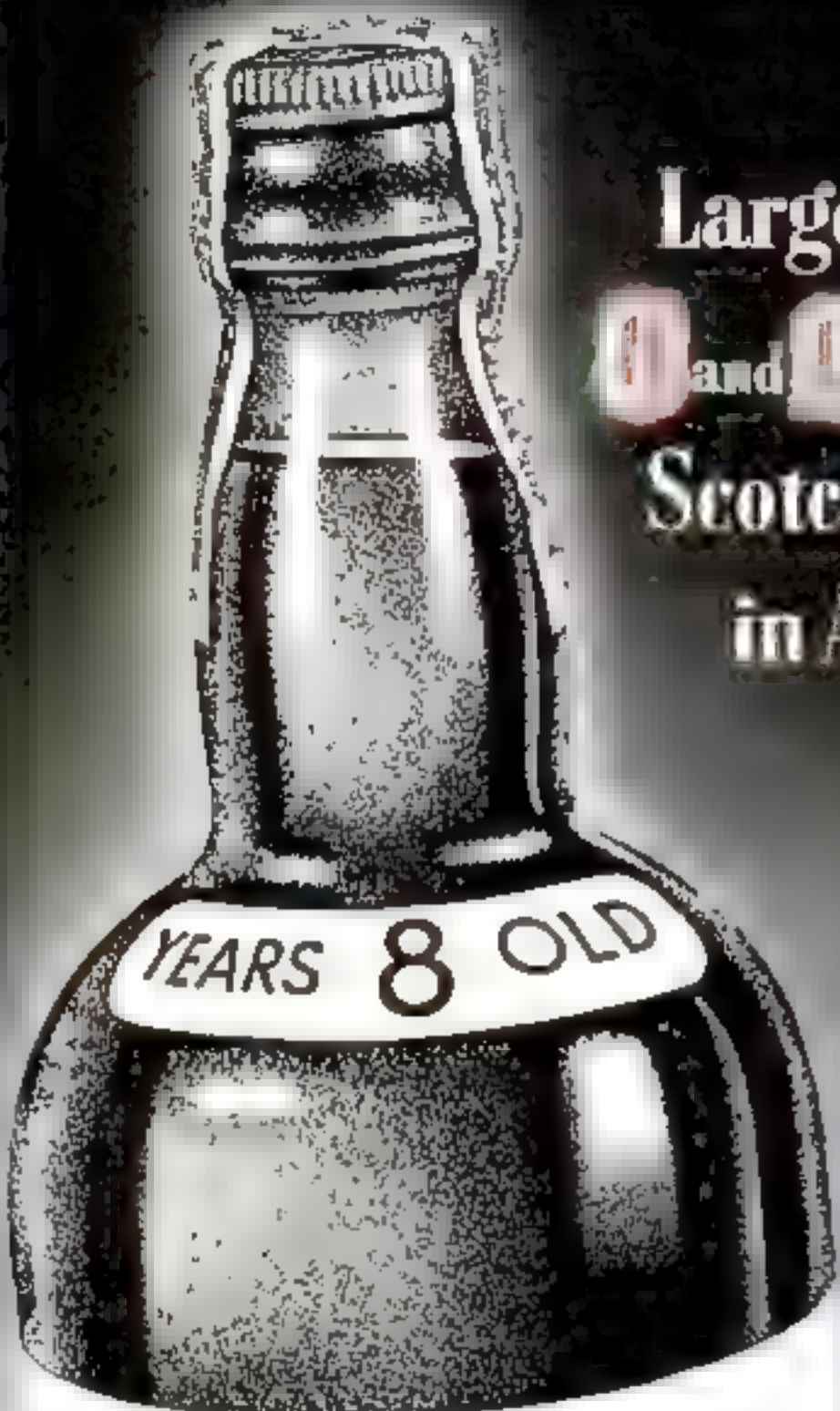
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"THE EMPTY CHAIR" drawn in Dickens' study at Gad's Hill soon after his death by Luke Fildes, brought tears to the eyes of Englishmen everywhere.

DICKENS CONTINUED

Longfellow wrote: "It is no exaggeration to say that my whole country is stricken with grief."

In England an endless procession of people of every class filed sadly past the open coffin in Westminster Abbey. The poorest of them, whose friend and champion he had always been, threw in little bunches of flowers tied up with bits of rag. A friend tells how he was in a tobacco shop when a laborer came in and flung twopence on the counter for his shag. The shopkeeper asked him why he looked so wretched.

"Charles Dickens is dead," he replied. "We have lost our best friend."

A few weeks later the contents of Gad's Hill were sold at auction. The house was filled with boots and bawling voices while in the library sat the dead man's friend, Luke Fildes, working on the picture that was to become famous as *The Empty Chair*. The desk and chair in that picture are now in our house in London, our most cherished possessions.

In a short space it is impossible to write adequately of such a tremendous figure as Charles Dickens. I have tried to show my picture of him, and if it seems a biased one it is because I am proud to be his descendant and cannot write of him other than admiringly.

I can understand how Thomas Hood felt when, after meeting Dickens, he went home and told his wife to cut off his hand and bottle it because it had shaken hands with Boz. But the essayist Carlyle perhaps best epitomized my great-grandfather in this panegyric epitaph:

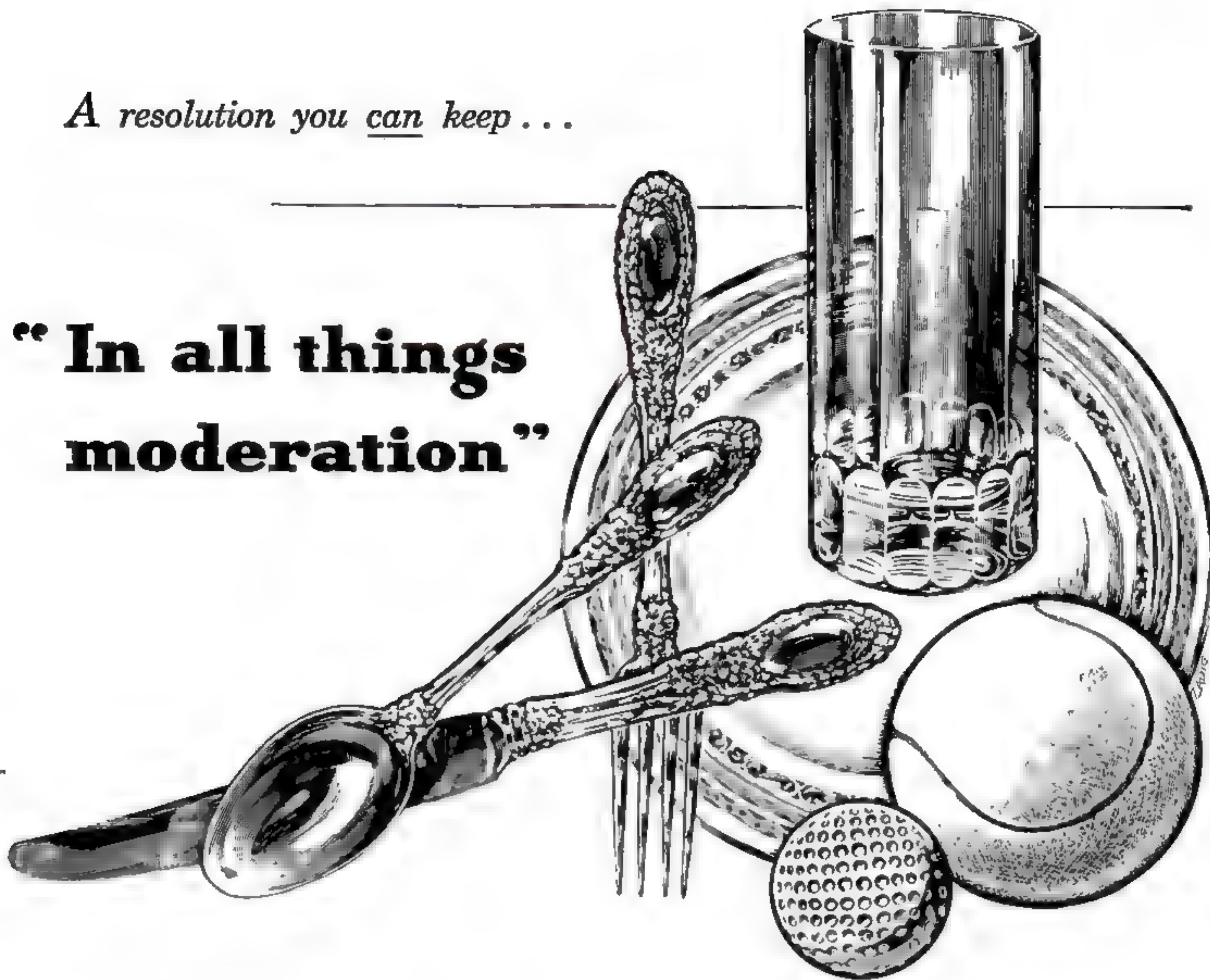
"The good, the gentle, high gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man."



DICKENS' DESCENDANTS include these five great-great-grandchildren, pictured recently with their aunt, Monica Dickens, at her cottage in London.

A resolution you can keep . . .

"In all things moderation"



Just as sensible men and women avoid "Just one more helping," so in the matter of social drinking they don't hesitate to say "That's all for now." Sensible eating, sensible drinking, sensible exercise, respect for the rights of others —these are part and parcel of pleasant American living.

As a nation, intelligent Americans have shown that they are more temperate by nature than by command. Our wish most certainly is for the temperate use of our products. But it is up to you. This industry does not want the patronage of the few who abuse the right to drink in moderation.

Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., composed of distillers, importers, vintners, wholesalers and the leading associations of retailers, stands for the attainment of these aims in your community:

1. *The encouragement of moderation, by word and by example.*
2. *The maintenance of pleasant, orderly places of business.*
3. *The encouragement of law observance and law enforcement.*

To reach these goals, a legally licensed liquor industry must be maintained. Legal regulation goes hand-in-hand with self-regulation.

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VICE PRESIDENT JOHN GRIFFIN CUTS FANCY CAPERS WITH A GIGGLING STENOGRAPHER



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Employees and bosses loosen up all over the place



CONGA LINE, led by Vice President Arthur D. Marks dressed up in a Santa Claus suit, winds through the file-



LEG ART turns up when two stenographers hoist their skirts to pose with Assistant Department Head Al Lyons.



SOLEMN FOX TROT is performed by Company President William Schiff with a secretary, Theda Berkeley.



PAIR OF PINK COTTON PANTS HE GOT FROM THE OFFICE SANTA CLAUS

On one night or another just before Christmas the lights burn late in many American business houses. The occasion is that great leveler, the office Christmas party, an antidote to social formality which ranks between a few discreet cocktails and a free-for-all fight. Then all business barriers collapse; executives unbend; the office clown finds a sympathetic audience. This is the only time when the pretty file clerk gets kissed in public and the homely one gets kissed at all. All this is happening in these pictures of the recent Christmas party of Schiff Terhune, a dignified New York firm of insurance brokers. By the time a conga line and a frolicsome vice president (*left*) were in action, even the most shrinking violet felt expansively aware of the brotherhood of man.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE JOE MENROE COMES TO GRIPS WITH BILLER JESSIE MERMAN



TIRED FEET were common. Stenographer Dorothy Newman gets sympathy from Checker Sid Tannenbaum.



SILLY HATS help party gaiety as Max Sherman gets a soda bottle tangled in the pink drawers Santa gave him.



LONE WORKER George Dixon cannot resist last conscientious trip to his desk as the party swirls merrily on.



HOW DO YOU
LIKE AMERICA?



WHAT DO YOU THINK
ABOUT THE
INTERNATIONAL SITUATION?



WHAT ARE THE
PEACEFUL POSSIBILITIES
OF ATOMIC ENERGY?



DOES THE AVERAGE FRENCHMAN
STILL PINCH
PRETTY GIRLS IN A CROWD?



DO YOU KNOW THAT
THIS KIND OF CONDUCT
WILL LAND ONE IN JAIL HERE?



WHAT MEASURES
ARE TAKEN BY FRANCE
TO RAISE THE BIRTH RATE?



WOULD A FRENCHMAN
LET A KINSEY RESEARCHER
INTERVIEW HIM?



WE HOPE THAT YOU
HAVE TASTED OUR
CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE?



MAY I PUBLISH
THIS INTERVIEW?

© PHILIPPE HALSMAN

SILENT INTERVIEW

French comedian needs no English
to sum up the state of the world

The face of Fernandel is as French and as unforgettable as the Eiffel Tower; it has helped to make him his country's greatest comic attraction. Like Maurice Chevalier, Fernandel (real name: Fernand Contandin) is jaunty, irreverent, expressive, 100% Gallic. Unlike Chevalier, he can speak scarcely a word of English, and when he came to the U.S. for a tour this autumn, reporters could not approach him with the questions on world affairs

ordinarily put to distinguished visitors. This was a shame, especially since Fernandel comes from the city of Marseille where, as admirers of his films know, opinions are more salty, more picturesque and more strongly held than in most other places. Photographer Philippe Halsman got around the language difficulty by putting Fernandel in front of a camera and shooting various significant questions at him in French. For the answers, see above.

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diving "lung," an underwater motion picture camera, a shark rifle and a diving bell designed to descend 8000 feet! Like most Milwaukeeans, he is an expert on *fine* beer.



Blatz is Milwaukee's first bottled beer!

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ALWAYS Milder BETTER TASTING COOLER SMOKING

"I ALWAYS SMOKE
CHESTERFIELDS BECAUSE THEY'RE
MILD AND THEY TASTE GOOD..."

IT'S MY CIGARETTE"

Dana Andrews

STARRING IN THE ENTERPRISE PRODUCTION

"NO MINOR VICES"



WHY... I smoke Chesterfield

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)
"Liggett & Myers buy more of my best tobacco than anybody else. They've always paid top prices."

"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since they used to put them up in a cardboard box. I never found any other cigarette to take Chesterfield's place."

C.D. Allen

FARMER AND WAREHOUSEMAN, SEMORA, N. C.



MAKE YOURS THE MILDER CIGARETTE ... *They Satisfy*